Emergency Contact

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/31991896.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal - Fandom
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham - Relationship
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Bedelia Du Maurier, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Amnesia, Fluff and Crack, somewhere in the middle of S2, timeline dissected for my own purpose, Happy Ending, Hannigram - Freeform, Love at First Sight, Beverly Katz lives cause I said so!, tropes galore
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Emergency Contact
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-16 Updated: 2023-08-12 Words: 20,636 Chapters: 13/?

Emergency Contact

by mouemouth

Summary

Takes place somewhere in S2 but the timeline is fluid and has been altered to suit my purposes. Basically Hannibal has amnesia and forgets he's a cannibal and falls in love with Will at first sight, again.

--x--

Will sighed, and turned around to face Hannibal, leaning back against the ledge of the window with his arms still crossed, ducking his head, stared Hannibal in the eyes, and huffed, “So you really don’t remember me?”

Was Will upset that Hannibal couldn’t recall him due to the intimate nature of their relationship? Surely then, Will must be his lover. Or something even more than that. Husband perhaps? No ring though. Hannibal frowned.

He placed a hand on Will’s upper arm and another on his nape, his thumb brushing the curls behind his ear, the other man tensed but did not back away, “Though I may not recall the details of our relationship,” Hannibal said softly, thumb stroking Will’s curls affectionately, “I still remember my feelings for you.” And kissed him, Will let out a strangled cry which Hannibal took advantage of the open mouth and licked inside, savoring his taste. Bad coffee, processed foods, and, yet, still delicious.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Ch. 1

Hannibal woke to the beeping sound of hospital monitors and an IV stuck in his hand.

The doctor had asked him for his name and his address, but Hannibal could not seem to recall that information. Strangely, it did not seem to really bother him. A concerned citizen had found Hannibal unconscious with an apparent head injury but without any sort of identification on him. However, it didn't take long until one of the nurses at the hospital recognized him and was able to find his file. The hospital called his emergency contact and informed Hannibal that a man by the name of 'Will Graham' would be coming along with his boss.

Curious that a man would bring his boss along to visit someone at the hospital. Perhaps they were all colleagues? Though Hannibal found it odd that he'd list a coworker as his emergency contact. A workplace romance perhaps?

Hannibal was reading a magazine when they entered. It took everything for Hannibal not to react when *he* entered; the dark curly hair on the face of a blue eyed beauty. Face showing an ever-changing kaleidoscope of emotions: concern, confusion, amusement, and an intense emotion that seemed to simultaneously be both love and hate. But Hannibal could not help his eyes' wandering gaze as it stay pinned to that man while briefly darting to the dark-skinned larger man that had entered first.

"Doctor Lecter," the darker man started, "do you remember anything about what happened?"

Prising his eyes from *him*, Hannibal calmly replied, "Unfortunately, though I can still recall all my medical knowledge and literary allusions, it appears that I've lost all my personal memories, including everyone I seemed to know. May I ask you your names?"

The dark man sighed and glanced at the smaller man by his side, the other man briefly made eye contact with him, before looking back at Hannibal, "I am Jack Crawford, head of the FBI's BAU department and this is special agent Will Graham."

The other man fidgeted and finally looked up to look Hannibal in the eyes, and asked, as if checking whether or not he was telling the truth, "You don't remember what you are? Where you live?"

Interesting choice of words: ‘what’, not ‘who’.

“Doctor Chen has informed me that my name is Doctor Hannibal Lecter and that I was a former surgeon but now currently practicing as a psychiatrist. According to my file, I reside in Baltimore, Maryland.”

The beautiful man was searching Hannibal’s eyes intently, as if reading him. Just how well do they know each other that he can recognize Hannibal’s tells? Still, despite knowing that Will had the ability to expose him - not that Hannibal knew what secrets he had to keep - he found himself wanting to keep those blue eyes focused on him.

Continuing, Hannibal lamented, “However, those were facts only recently told to me. I cannot seem to remember those memories of that life, that person: Doctor Hannibal Lecter.”

Will snorted and Jack took a deep breath.

“I’m going to go get the doctor and let him know you’re up.” Jack announced.

Will nodded and turned away to look out a window, ignoring Hannibal who was watching him intently from the hospital bed.

As quietly as a jungle cat, Hannibal rose and prowled towards Will. After he had woken earlier, they had removed the IV and monitoring nodes and allowed him wear some pants underneath his breezy hospital gown.

His ‘emergency contact’ seemed to be under a roil of emotions as he stared, arms crossed, out the hospital window with a nice view of the parking lot. Who exactly was this Will Graham and what was he to him? Were they lovers? Could he smell himself on him? What did Will Graham really smell like behind those dogs and bad aftershave?

Stepping silently behind Will, leaning just a few inches away from Will’s nape, Hannibal inhaled, deeply.

With a snort and chuckle, the smaller man turned his head sideways, and said lightly, like it was a game, like something they had done before, “Did you just smell me?”

But he didn’t flinch away, so neither did Hannibal, “Difficult to avoid,” he said a bit huskily, trying to lean a bit closer.

Will sighed, and turned around to face Hannibal, leaning back against the ledge of the window with his arms still crossed, ducking his head, stared Hannibal in the eyes, and huffed, “So you really don’t remember me?”

Was Will upset that Hannibal couldn’t recall him due to the intimate nature of their relationship? Surely then, Will must be his lover. Or something even more than that. Husband perhaps? No ring though. Hannibal frowned.

He placed a hand on Will’s upper arm and another on his nape, his thumb brushing the curls behind his ear, the other man tensed but did not back away, “Though I may not recall the details of our relationship,” Hannibal said softly, thumb stroking Will’s curls affectionately, “I still remember my feelings for you.” And kissed him. Will let out a strangled cry which Hannibal took advantage of the open mouth and licked inside, savoring his taste. Bad coffee, processed foods, and, yet, still delicious.

“Doctor Lecter!” Jack’s booming voice reprimanded.

“Hannibal!” A shriller voice cried out.

A cat call.

“I told you!” A higher pitched male voice further away said.

“Damn!” A more baritone voice cursed.

Will managed to push Hannibal off enough to break off the kiss, but Hannibal didn't step any further back than half a step and still held Will in his hands. Will looked shocked and embarrassed, as if he hadn't been expecting that kiss at all.

Hannibal turned to look at the offending voices, now that a crowd had now formed at the hospital door. There were 3 dressed in lab coats, judging by the smell of decay that lingered on them, they were obviously part of some forensics team, a small brunette woman that was gripping flowers so hard her knuckles were white, a bewildered Jack Crawford, and Dr. Chen who looked exhausted and indifferent.

Ignoring them, for Hannibal didn't feel any spark of feeling towards any of them anyway, he turned to the only person who made him feel.

"Will, are we not lovers?" Hannibal asked as honestly as a puppy, head slightly cocked for effect just so.

The smaller man was still in his arms, trapped between the window and Hannibal, still mostly shielded from view by Hannibal's broad back. Frozen in shock, Will looked like a deer caught in the headlights with his big blue eyes opened wide.

"No," a shrill voice called out again, "But we are!"

She sounded angry and a little hysterical.

"Wait, what?" A shocked female voice asked.

"Told you so! Ha!" The baritone male jeered.

"Silence!" Jack boomed over them.

Hannibal turned his head to look upon the speaker; the small brunette woman with bright blue eyes. He took half a second to let his eyes flicker over her her up before turning back to Will, staring much longer at the young man before letting out a deflated, "Oh."

The disappointment was palpable.

It was Will who first roused, clearing his throat and struggling to get out and around Hannibal's rigid grip on him. And then all hell broke loose.

"What?!" The brunette woman practically shrieked now.

To which Will flinched and Hannibal instinctively wanted to protect him despite his supposed relationship with that crude woman. It was then that all eight people in the small hospital room decided to move and speak all at the same time.

In the midst of all this commotion, hands tugging every which way, that a small blonde woman dressed in an elegant skirt and blouse walked in unnoticed. Standing in her red high heels, she observed the scene, sighed, and pulled out the champagne bottle from her purse along with a glass and popped it open. The champagne had been brought in an attempt to stimulate Hannibal's palate and hopefully his memory, but, fuck it, she needed a drink *now.*

By the time everyone had stopped moving to find out where that noise had come from, Bedelia was already sitting in a chair with her legs crossed and was refilling her glass. Preparing herself for the shit storm that was about to unfold. Hannibal was such a dramatic bitch sometimes.

Hannibal appeared to be attempting to hold on to Will, who Jack also seemed to be in the process of trying to retrieve, while Will looked as if he was just trying to get as far away from everyone as possible. Alana was reaching out to Hannibal with an angry look as Beverly and Price tried to hold her back as Zeller egged everyone on.

Bedelia took a sip of her champagne and acted as if she was startled to see everyone's eyes on her, "No, please, continue." She gestured with her hand, taking another sip again.

"Ah, Doctor Du Maurier, so glad you could come. As Hannibal's psychiatrist-", Dr. Chen started before she was cut off by an almost sitcom comical chorus of voices:

"Psychiatrist?!" Everyone, including Hannibal, asked in varying intonations at the same time.

-

Bedelia took a deep breath and big swig of her champagne, she was going to need it to get through a group therapy session with Hannibal and … grievances. Alana wanted to have a therapy session with just Hannibal but the man refused to let Will out of his sight. Just as well as it was very likely Will would've bolted.

So, in that same hospital room, Hannibal sat on the hospital bed, Alana in one of the chairs, Bedelia with her bottle of champagne, and Will pacing around the corners.

"Alana," Bedelia selected as it was clear she was the most obviously emotional one, "would you like to begin and tell me what happened?"

"Hannibal kissed Will." Alana blurted out angrily.

"About time*,"* Bedelia muttered under her breath as she reached for her champagne.

Will snapped around with an expression that said, '*What did you just say?'*

But Bedelia cleared her throat, took a sip, and said in a louder voice, "And this makes you upset…?"

"Yes," Alana said exasperated, not having noticed the exchange, "because I'm Hannibal's girlfriend."

Are you really? Bedelia wondered. Instead, she asked, "Ms. Bloom, how long have you known Hannibal?"

"Um, I've known him since med school, so about 12 years?"

“And in that time, have you ever known Hannibal to be in a relationship?”

At this, Alana’s anger faltered, “Well, I guess- he haven’t had - he- he has ‘affairs’.”

“Have you and Hannibal ever had the conversation that you two were in an exclusive relationship?”

“Well, no, not exactly- I just assumed that -“

Bedelia went in for the kill. There was really no easy way to tell the girl that she was fucking the devil. “Do you think that perhaps you misjudged the nature of your relationship with Hannibal?”

Vulnerable, Alana lashed out, “Well, Hannibal is Will’s psychiatrist! This behavior is highly unethical.”

Bedelia fought the urge to roll her eyes. This woman has no idea where Hannibal’s view on ethics really lie.

“Hannibal,” Bedelia addressed him now, “what do you think of breaching the doctor-patient relationship with Will Graham?”

“Well, as someone who currently have no memories of any of you and nothing of my past, all I can say is that I’d happily let them revoke my medical license if I can have a more than doctor-patient relationship with Will.” Hannibal said honestly, he had no reason to lie. Alana was annoying and he only wanted Will.

Will and Alana looked at Hannibal incredulously, mouths agape. Alana darted a look at Will who flushed and turned back to stare out the window.

“He tried to have you killed,” Alana hissed, looking upset at all of them.

“Allegedly,” Bedelia added.

Hannibal simply shrugged and said, “Perhaps I deserved it.”

At that Will turned and looked at Hannibal. Seeing that he had caught his beloved’s attention with his honesty, Hannibal smiled fondly back. At which Will blushed and broke off eye contact.

Alana, seeing Hannibal’s besotted exchange, looked wild with hurt rage. She felt like a fool. “I was so blind,” she seethed. “You knew that Will liked me so you gaslit me. You fucked me to take me off the table and isolate Will so you could have him all to yourself. You used me.”

Honestly, Hannibal could care less what this Alana person thinks, “I accept all possibilities of my previous actions but I cannot say for certain whether or not any of it is accurate.”

Seeing Hannibal’s bored look, Bedelia sighed and reminded, “We are here to talk about the recent events and what is to happen in the future. It would be unproductive to bring up Hannibal’s past doings as the man himself is not ‘present’ to defend or comment appropriately.”

“Then what am I doing here?” Alana shrieked.

Hannibal and Bedelia shared a look and Bedelia sighed, again, “If I recall, Ms. Bloom, you demanded to be included in this session.” She took a sip, “This isn’t couples therapy.”

The indifference in the room towards Alana was almost painful.

“What? I’m just excess baggage?”

No one said anything.

“That’s it! Fine! I’m leaving!” And stormed out, looking back as if hoping someone would stop her. No one did. Though Will did have an agonized expression on his face as she left.

Hannibal took a deep breath and breathed out, as if saying, ‘thank god that’s over’, and said, “Now, where were we?”

Without missing a beat, Bedelia asked, “Why do you think you felt compelled to kiss Will Graham now that you know a bit of your past history instead of Alana - someone you recently had sexual relations with?”

“There was an indescribable feeling the moment I saw Will, despite not knowing who he was. When he spoke to me, I could sense that he could see me, know me. I thought for certain that someone who beautiful as he and was so close to me had to be my partner. Will was also listed as my emergency contact. Sadly, it appears I was wrong as to the nature of our relationship.”

To which Hannibal actually looked sad, Bedelia had to give him credit for that.

“And, Will, how does it make you feel to know that Hannibal has listed you as his ‘emergency contact’, a man who you’ve known for less than 10 months instead of Alana who he’s known for more than 10 years?”

It took a moment, as Will digested Bedelia’s words until he finally spoke, “Talks a lot about me huh?”

You have no idea, Bedelia thought to herself and waited for Will to continue.

“Maybe he just likes me more,” Will teased, deflecting.

Bedelia smiled, she was used to evasiveness after years of therapy with Hannibal, “That much is evident.”

Will blushed and fidgeted, clearly uncomfortable, and sighed, “I don’t know, confused? Not sure why he trusts me? Why don’t you ask him how he feels? He’s the one who picked me.”

“Alright, Hannibal, how do you feel about Will Graham?”

Smiling as if answering his favorite question, “There are some feelings that transcend facts and details. Being immediately drawn to Will in such a fervid manner leads me to believe that my ‘predecessor’ felt the same way the first time as well. Looking upon Will’s visage makes me feel as if my memory is expendable, that all I need is to look upon his face to recall who I am…” As Hannibal began to wax poetic about the man that is Will Graham.

“This is impossible!” Will exclaims in the middle of Hannibal’s nearly 10-minute dissertation on his love for Will Graham. Turning to look at Bedelia who was currently halfway finished with the champagne bottle and rather tipsy. “This is meaningless without his memories, his past… indiscretions… I mean, you know what he is!” Will gestured to an innocent looking Hannibal - one that has no schemes or even thoughts of schemes, his entire world seemed to be that very moment and of Will.

Bedelia sighed and raised a glass, “This is why I’m drinking. Out of all the people to whom amnesia could have befallen, the man with a mind palace. And empty shelves.”

“Ugh, I can’t even get mad at him. It’s like kicking a baby.” Will groans, running his fingers through his hair. “What am I even supposed to do?”

Bedelia takes another sip, and readjusts her seat slightly, “Well, Hannibal can be released but he must be signed off into someone’s care. And given that you are his emergency contact, the doctor has suggested that Hannibal stay with you for a couple of weeks just to make sure he’s fine and as he regains his memory … or not.” She sips. “Who knows? Amnesia recovery is not an exact science.”

“Wait, what?” Will said, blinked furiously, horrified, and holding out his hand as if he could physically stop the conversation.

Hannibal looked thrilled.

Chapter 2

The plan was all going awry! There was no point in going through with his Reckoning if Hannibal doesn't even remember what he did to deserve it. There had been no way for Will to get out of this 'guardianship/nurse/emergency contact' role, especially since Hannibal had publicly ousted Alana and saved Jack Crawford's wife.

Will had been planting the seed that Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper in Jack's mind when, out of nowhere, Hannibal goes and **stops** someone from killing themself. Now that Hannibal is so obviously infatuated with Will, there was no way that Jack would believe him now. Not to mention that Hannibal doesn't even remember his serial killing ways so it'd be impossible to convict someone with no evidence and no witnesses without a confession. If this was some brutally clever way to get out of a mass murder charge, then Will sure has been bamboozled. He had no idea what his next move should be. It'd be like if a baseball game was cancelled in the middle of the 6th inning because a spaceship had landed in the outfield!

So, for now, Will had no choice but to play the 'but keep your enemies closer' strategy. After Hannibal got discharged from the hospital, Will dropped Hannibal off at his house to get situated while he went to Wolf Trap to get his dogs and belongings. As Hannibal perused the halls of this large house that was his, he objectively appreciated its interior design and choice of artwork. There was nothing he didn't approve of, unsurprisingly, as he *technically did* picked them all out, even if he had no memory of it.

In the end, Will and his dogs ended up moving in, TEMPORARILY (Will told himself in big block letters), to Hannibal's home instead. It was a non-negotiable for Will to have his dogs, and Hannibal acquiesced. However, in Hannibal's defense, he didn't know Will had 7 dogs, otherwise he may have put up a bit more of a fight. Like any other person, when someone says 'I'm bringing my dogs', he assumed that they will be bringing 2 or 3, or, the occasional 4 (granted if they were all small dogs), not more than half a dozen.

When Hannibal had held the door for Will, he stood in muted shock as the 7 dogs followed through. Admittedly, Hannibal was surprised at the number of dogs but, he is, if not nothing else, a man of his word. And he agreed to dogs, and so he got… dogs.

And Will.

After the dogs got situated in their room with their various dog beds, which Hannibal allowed for in the study in front of the fireplace, Hannibal wanted to show Will where *his* sleeping arrangements lay.

"Will, would you like to see your accommodations?" Hannibal asked.

Looking up at Hannibal from where he was arranging one of the dog beds closer to the fireplace, Will shrugged and agreed, "Sure."

With an oddly dark twinkle in his eye, Hannibal smiled without moving his lips and said, "Please, then, follow me this way."

As Hannibal led Will upstairs, Will shouldering his duffle bag containing no more than 3 days worth of clothing, convinced that he and his dogs would wear out their welcome by week's end, they passed by no less than 3 closed doors before arriving at a set double doors at the end of the hall.

"And this is the master bedroom," Hannibal gestured and placed both hands on the two door knobs and turned the handles to dramatically invite Will inside the ridiculously spacious bedroom.

It was obvious that the master bedroom was Hannibal's bedroom, so Will didn't bother to set his duffle bag down, thinking it'd be a brief flyby. However, it seemed that Hannibal had a different intention.

Walking further into the bedroom, Hannibal proceeded to give Will a tour of the bedroom.

"A suit of samurai armor; appears to be authentic from the Edo period." The amnesiac described, gesturing to the full set of the armor near the entrance.

Frowning, Will simply replied, "Okay…" Wondering where this was going.

Walking further in, Hannibal paused by the wall,"Dimmable lights for setting different moods."

Narrowing his eyes suspiciously, Will grunted, "How romantic."

"Two walk in closets. Spacious enough for your belongings as well, Will."

"They're both full of your plaid suits."

Leading further in to a very large bathroom decorated in white marble and gold,"The bathroom has double sinks where two people can simultaneously brush their teeth together."

"I prefer to brush alone." Will huffed.

Ignoring Will's comment, Hannibal continued the bathroom tour, "A large tub that can fit more than one."

"Probably can wash 3 dogs at the same time in there."

At that Hannibal cringed imperceptibly but forged on, leading back out to the bedroom, "There is a California King bed with silk sheets, wide enough to fit a couple of grown men comfortably."

Raising his eyebrow, Will looked at Hannibal, "That's nice bed **Doctor** Lecter. I hope that *my* bed is comfortable enough to fit **one** grown man."

Hannibal's lips pointedly turned downwards for less than half a second before silently sighing, "Follow me to the guest bedroom."

X

After dinner, which was a rather simple dish of chicken paillard with curried oyster mushrooms, Hannibal, Will and the dogs retired to the study for a digestifs.

“Will,” Hannibal asked from his desk, “When’s your birthday?”

Will was getting the dogs settled into their beds and answered without thinking, “June 19th,” he said petting Winston fondly on the head, his hand stuttered for a moment, “Wait, why?”

“Didn’t work,” Hannibal muttered to himself. “Birth year?” He asked.

Frowning, Will rose and walked over to Hannibal, who he realized had found his cell phone and was currently trying to unlock it.

“You don’t have Face ID or Touch ID set up?”

Hannibal looked up with a questioning look.

“Of course not,” Will mumbled to himself, “You wouldn’t want anyone collecting your biometric data.”

“It says that I have one more attempt before my data is permanently erased.”

Will’s heart jumped for a moment, there could be incriminating evidence on Hannibal’s phone! He had to get that phone unlocked! “What other dates did you try?”

“My birthday,”

Will made a face as if saying, *Really? That’s like asking to get hacked.* But then he remembered that Hannibal was a narcissist with a huge ego so his birthday could be possible.

Hannibal shrugged, “The Golden Ratio.”

Will thought to himself, *Of course, the man was obsessed with perfection.*

“The line number of my favorite stanza in Dante’s Inferno.”

Okay, Renaissance man.

“The measurements for a perfect crème brulee.”

Yep, food.

“The most melodic chord.”

Eh, that’s a bit subjective, but I’ll let it slide.

“The year the Primavera was painted.”

The Primavera? Got to look that one up later.

“Anything else?” Will asked.

“Your birthday.” Hannibal complied, “What was the date when we first met?”

“Huh?” Will frowned, “That’s definitely not it.” He only had one more shot at this and he had to make sure he gets into Hannibal’s phone.

“Humor me Will.”

“What- what about that church in Italy?”

“The Norman Chapel? Unlikely.” Hannibal laced his fingers together and looked up at Will who had come to hover over his shoulder while he sat at the desk attempting to unlock his phone. He likes Will being close like this. Hannibal smiles, “Please, Will,” he tries again, “What was the date when we first met?”

Will bit his lip nervously, did he really want to hinge his only chance at procuring hard evidence against the Chesapeake Ripper on an amnesiac’s guess? Only one way to find out.

Will sighed heavily, “April 4th.”

Hannibal gave Will a knowing look.

“Don’t read into that,” Will added quickly, “I have an eidetic memory, I remember everything.” Not dwelling on the irony that he was basically telling a man with no memories that he had too many memories.

Much to Will’s relief, Hannibal didn’t say anything further. Will held his breath as he watched as the older man tap in those numbers:

0 - 4 - 0 - 4

The lock icon slid open.

Who knew the cannibal was such a romantic?

Will’s breath hitched for a moment and he struggled to hold himself back from reaching out snatching the phone out of Hannibal’s hands to look through it.

But Hannibal noticed anyway and bemusedly held out his phone for Will to take.

Will flushed, damn, even without his memories, Hannibal could still read him like a book. The only person that could.

He swallowed, “I- I just wanted to see if we could figure out more details about what happened that night.” He lied badly but took the phone anyway. There was no way he was going to miss any opportunity for the possibility of evidence.

Hannibal didn’t have many apps on his phone, but there was no way to search through them all with Hannibal looking over his shoulder. There were 49 missed calls, 63 text messages, and 18 voicemails. Most of them were from patients but scrolling through Hannibal’s messages Will recognized some of the people:

Jack Crawford - FBI

[Let me know if there is anything you need assistance with.]

Dr. Alana Bloom - Psychiatrist

[Where are you? Is everything ok? Call me?]

Dr. Bedelia du Maurier - Psychiatrist

[Confirmed]

Jo Yoshiko - Tailor

[Suit ready Tues after 3.]

Franklyn Froideveaux - Patient

[Hi Hannibal! 👋👋 How’s it going? 👨‍⚕️ 😅 I was just shopping for cheeses and I found this new camembert at ....]

Georgiana Papele - Patient

[Dr. Lecter, I am so sorry, but I need to reschedule our upcoming appointment.]

Angela Komeda - Heiress

[We missed you at the theatre (AGAIN) last Friday. Are you hiding us from your lover? 😜]

And Will’s fingers paused for a moment when he recognized a familiar image on the ID icon next to a contact simply labeled, '**Mongoose'**. Beside the icon, was a preview of the last words he had texted Hannibal, “k”. His message had been buried down towards the bottom because both men preferred to either talk in person or over the phone.

But it wasn't the endearing nickname that had Will gripping the phone tighter, it was the contact photo. It was fucking close up of Will's being transported outside of the BHSCI wearing the clear plastic mask. Image courtesy of Freddie Lounds of course.

Will gritted his teeth and practically growled.

"How fiercely adorable you look in that mask," Hannibal commented from behind Will's shoulder where he had been watching, "I understand now why I call you Mongoose. Like the mongoose -"

"'Under the house when the snakes slither by,'" Will finished for him. "Yeah, yeah, you said that before." The younger man bit out.

Hannibal appraised his snarling mongoose, who seemed to suddenly be baring his teeth after seeing his own contact photo in Hannnibal's cell phone, "Was this part of a Halloween costume?"

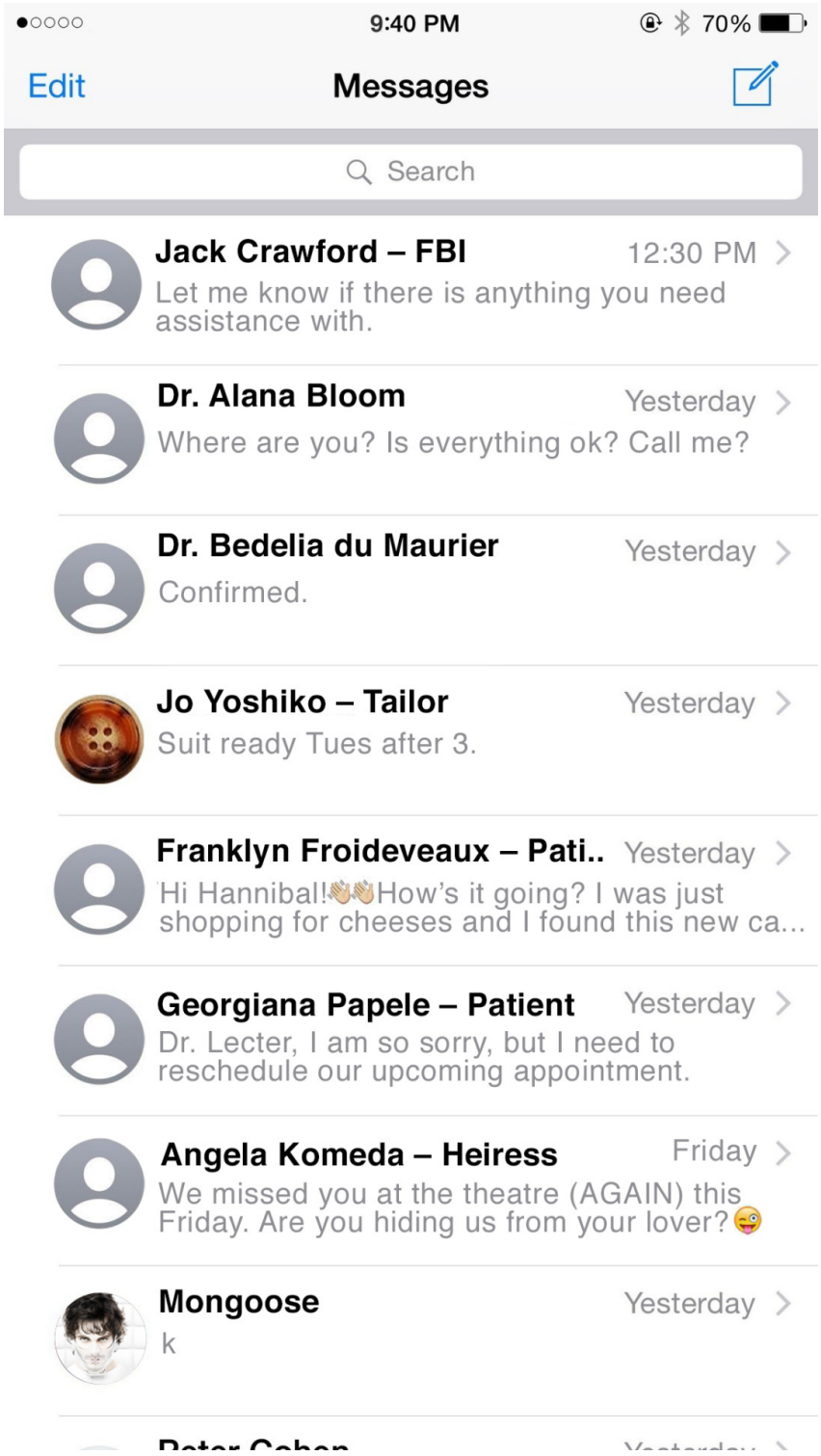
Will blinked several times at that question, thrown off guard as to what to feel about it.

What. The. Fucking. Fuck. How the fuck is he even supposed to react to that? Uh, no, that was taken from when I was sent to the fucking insane asylum when you let my brain burn, fucked with my encephalitis, led everyone think I was crazy, and framed me for your murders! Not that you fucking even remember since you got motherfucking amnesia and don't even remember doing any of that shit! The friggin' nerve of this guy! Ugh! I can't even get upset at him cause then I'd have to explain why I'm upset and basically tell him he's a serial killer. Will rolled his eyes internally.

There was no point in wasting his breath and energy to reprimand Hannibal for something he has no memory of. So, instead, Will just glared at Hannibal, pushed the cell phone back into the older man's hands and walked away with a curt, "Good night Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal took the sudden change in Will's turbulent emotions like a pilot navigating an arctic storm, unfazed, and called out after him, "Do you still have the mask Will?"

THANK YOU @nowsaguaro for making this little treat for this fic!


9:40 PM
70%
Edit
Messages
Search
Jack Crawford – FBI
12:30 PM
Let me know if there is anything you need assistance with.
Dr. Alana Bloom
Yesterday
Where are you? Is everything ok? Call me?
Dr. Bedelia du Maurier
Yesterday
Confirmed.
Jo Yoshiko – Tailor
Yesterday
Suit ready Tues after 3.
Franklyn Froideveaux – Pati..
Yesterday
Hi Hannibal!👋🏻👋🏻How's it going? I was just shopping for cheeses and I found this new ca...
Georgiana Papele – Patient
Yesterday
Dr. Lecter, I am so sorry, but I need to reschedule our upcoming appointment.
Angela Komeda – Heiress
Friday
We missed you at the theatre (AGAIN) this Friday. Are you hiding us from your lover?😜
Mongoose
Yesterday
k

Chapter 3

Hannibal the amnesiac awoke the next morning to the intoxicating scent of rainwater, sage, and Will; musky, slightly floral, and tinged with fear. Along with the faint sounds of trickling water, he knew that his grumpy Quantico professor was taking a shower. Which meant that it was time for Hannibal to get up and start making breakfast for his beloved. Judging from their kiss, the professor clearly has not been eating well.

Though, Hannibal mused as he opened the refrigerator door, the dogs certainly do. As he curiously opened the Tupperware container with a masking tape date label denoting of when it had been made. Inhaling deeply, Hannibal could smell chicken, carrots, zucchini, peas, spinach, brown rice.

Something nutritious to start the day, Hannibal thought to himself as he pulled various ingredients out of the refrigerator.

Just as Hannibal pulled the eggs out, he heard Will stumbling down with the janglin of several leashes. As Will rounded the corner past the kitchen, more out of politeness than rather desire to greet Hannibal, he awkwardly announced, “I’m taking the dogs for a walk.”

Despite Will’s obvious discomfort at being in an unfamiliar home, Hannibal could only see the twitchy, sleep-deprived younger man through rose-colored glasses. And to Hannibal, Will looked like a puzzle he longed to solve, a desire to get inside not only his body but also his mind.

Will frowned after Hannibal spent half a second too long frozen.

“I’ll have breakfast ready when you get back.” Hannibal tried to recover with.

Will just narrowed his eyes suspiciously and nodded tersely before backing away to take the dogs out.

-

“So, anything?” Will asked as he took another hungry bite of the prosciutto, mushroom, and spinach frittata.

It was obvious that Will liked the dish and Hannibal was pleased.

“Unfortunately, a dreamless sleep it would seem. Nothing unwanted crawling in the night.” Hannibal paused, Will looked uncomfortable when he said that, clearly the night wasn’t as dreamless as it was for him; sleepless more like. “Was it the same for you?” He asked.

Without pausing in his ravenous consumption of the frittata, Will glared at Hannibal as he chewed, swallowing before saying, “Obviously not. One of my daily activities can be considered, ‘night terrors’.”

“A professional then.”

At that, Will’s grumpy frown turned slightly upwards. Slightly. But that was enough for Hannibal to feel very pleased with himself.

“What are you going to do today?” Will asked as he took a sip of his coffee, his plate now cleared.

“Go to the office, locate my appointment book, and inform all my patients of my current condition.” Hannibal said placidly.

“It’s in your desk in the bottom drawer,” Will said without thinking.

Hannibal gave him a curious look. Like the fact that Will knows such intimate details of his life is proof of their more than ‘doctor-patient’ relationship.

“Don’t read into that,” Will stuttered quickly, “What are you going to tell them? Your patients?”

“The truth. That I suffered a head trauma and as a result am temporarily amnesiatic.”

-

“Yes, of course, I’ll inform you of when I’m ready to start seeing patients again. Though, I must remind you, that the pause may be indefinite.”

Sighing quietly despite being alone, Hannibal put his phone down and looked at his appointment book. He had finally finished calling all his patients and informing them of his current condition. It took a lot longer than he had anticipated, but he had underestimated the neediness of his clients, realizing that most are still desperate for an outlet even if said outlet having no context and no concern. People are just waiting for their turn to speak, doesn’t matter who, just to anyone who will listen. Hannibal managed to keep most conversations to 15 minutes or less but there had been one particularly trying patient that seemed keen to reminisce about their past interactions, specially about cheese, though Hannibal was certain that if anyone was to spark his memory, it would not be that man, and definitely not by tyromancy.

It was nearly 11am, and after sorting out his obligations, Hannibal’s mind inevitably wandered to thoughts of Will Graham. There was a past there, something between them, intimate but not sexual. At least, not yet, Hannibal hoped.

However, even after an exhaustive search, not much was yielded. In fact, the only thing the search resulted in was a curious absence. As if certain incriminating items have been destroyed or burned as the ashes suggest.

So how was Hannibal going to get closer to Will without talking about their past?

With good ol’ seduction, Hannibal thought with a smirk to himself.

Step 1: knocking down Will’s forts.

Taking out his cellphone, Hannibal messaged Jack Crawford, who had checked in on him earlier anyways:

Agent Crawford, I am settling well. Though without patients, I find myself at a loss as to what to do. Perhaps you can do me a favor and allow me to bring lunch for you and Will. What time are your lunch breaks?

-

As expected, it was an invitation that was impossible for Jack to refuse. Even though Hannibal found literally no information on his past, somehow he figured out that Jack Crawford's weakness was Hannibal's cooking.

Predictably, Jack did not inform Will that Hannibal was bringing (bribing them with) lunch.

Heading straight for Will's classroom, students filing out while some still lingered, looking longingly at their unapproachable, grumpy but cute, genius, unstable professor.

"What are you doing here?" Will all but snarled when the students all had finally left.

"Jack did not tell you I was stopping by for lunch?"

At that, Will deflated, Jack loves to catch him off guard, and shook his head.

Will continued to sort out his podium for his lunch break, he accidentally touched the space bar on his laptop, causing the projection to shift from his written assignment to the next slide; a man entwined with a tree, poisonous flowers blooming from within.

For a moment, Hannibal stood almost awestruck at the image, a strange surge of understanding and familiarity.

"Like what you see?" Will asked, the main source of light being the projection behind him; hooding his face, creating a rather malevolent outline.

"It is certainly…" Hannibal deflected, "eye catching," finishing his sentence with a lusty stare at Will.

Uncomfortable, Will snapped the top of the laptop closed, sending them into darkness, "The Ripper thinks it's art."

"The Ripper?" Hannibal asked.

The professor narrowed his eyes, trying to see if Hannibal is lying, if some sudden flash of memory graced him upon gazing at his prior works.

No dice.

A flood of light entered from the hallways as the double doors of the lecture hall opened.

"Ah! Doctor Lecter, I see you've found Will's lecture hall. Was that from memory or did you ask someone?" Jack boomed as he entered the room, projecting his voice so that it could be heard from every corner.

Jack had a folder under his arm.

"Unfortunately," Hannibal said in his same muted tone and register, not one to shout, no needing to shout to project his presence, "a trainee pointed me in the right direction." Not before allowing said trainee to believe that Hannibal and Will were live-in lovers.

“Can you please point me in the direction of Professor Graham’s office? I forgot to give him his lunch this morning.” Hannibal added with a lovelorn look and gesturing to his soft sided cooler.

“Oh! This morning? Professor Graham?”

Hannibal watched as the face fell at the missed opportunity and then delighted, under the impression that Hannibal was Will’s live-in lover.

“His lecture hall is this way,” the trainee said, leading Hannibal towards the door, an obvious guise to prolong the interaction.

“Are you his student?” Hannibal asked.

“I’m hoping to, his classes are notoriously difficult to get in. Especially due to his … uh, sabbatical last semester.”

“I’ll try to put in a good word.”

The trainee peeked a look at Hannibal and flushed, “So, um, how do you know Professor Graham?”

With a toothy smile, Hannibal replied with darkened eyes, “He’s my emergency contact.”

Leaving the trainee to spread the information that their elusive Professor Graham already has a man waiting at home.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"To start, is a buttermilk ricotta with freshly baked bread. Then, a cavatelli alla Norcina with pork sausage, black truffles and grana padano. And blue corn ricotta fritters with huckleberry jam to finish."

"This looks delicious Doctor," Jack praised effusively, momentarily forgetting the folder he had brought with him as he sat down to appraise the meal.

But Will didn't, and nodded towards the folder, "Is that from the river?"

The three men were seated around Will's desk in the lecture hall, each with a neat 3 tiered bento box, all identically save for Will's dessert that was garnished with strawberries cut in the shape of valentines. (Hannibal likes giving Will hearts.)

Jack seemed to struggle a bit as to whether or not he wanted to talk shop during lunch or wait until they had finished eating. In the end, Jack's workaholic nature won out and he handed the folder over to Will, "Got a new one this morning, Roland Umber. Inside are also photographs of the 6 victims found in the dam plus the DMV photos of people that recently went missing around the same time and area." He glanced at Hannibal uncertainly, unsure how to address his amnesia "Uh, should we be discussing this in front of him? Are there certain things we can or can't mention?"

Will shrugged, already having opened the folder, "Talk about the past, don't talk about the past. It doesn't seem to matter anyways. The majority of the theories on memory recovery for amnesiacs are mainly based upon storylines from All My Children or General Hospital, which, as you can imagine, are *real* scientific."

"Please don't hold back on my account, I assure you, it won't offend my sensibilities." Hannibal added.

Will gave Jack a look that said, *'See what I said?'* And continued to flip through the stack of photos. One hand turning the images over while the other held a fork.

If Hannibal was displeased with Will's divided attention, he did not show it. The Quantico Professor thumbed through the images so quickly it seemed he was merely counting the pages rather than analyzing them. It was so anticlimactic that Jack had already shifted his full attention back to his meal, digging in graciously as he complimented the chef.

And then it clicked. At the end of the pile of photographs of the victims, Will placed the last photo down, paused, and then put his fork down, slowly.

Hannibal, having never left Will's attention, was on the brink of anticipation, curious, and on the edge of his seat.

At the end of the pile, Will took a deep breath and closed his eyes to let the pendulum swing. He used to be sensitive about others watching him when he did his 'thing' but after having absolutely zero privacy in prison, Will's 'sensitivity' level greatly decreased.

FWOOM. FWOOM. FWOOM.

And it clicked. Will began to rearrange the photographs, into a bit of a collage with overlapping corners. The other two men watched as the younger man moved the images around, like pieces of a jigsaw, slotting each picture into its appropriate place. Jack didn't see it immediately; and it wasn't until the third to last photograph was set that Jack figured out what all the victims had in common.

"It's a color palette." Will stated plainly once he was finished.

Hannibal stared at Will in rapturous awe, amazed in that subtle way of his. It was obvious to Will now what Hannibal really felt. He used to think that Hannibal was hidden behind a person suit, masking his emotions, but now he realized that Hannibal had always been there, just, oh so *subtly* . One had to look *very* closely to see his real feelings. But once you've cracked the code, it was so clear. The slight widening of the eyes, the imperceptible part of his lips, and that dull sparkle in his eyes. Hannibal was shook.

How had Will not seen it before? The way that Hannibal looked at him, especially when on the subject of killing; that wonderstruck gaze. It was the same look Hannibal had always given him, but Will hadn't notice it before. His damn recalcitrance at eye contact blinded (literally) himself from the devil before him. Now, and to follow that (loose) metaphor, the 'devil' has become an 'empty vessel'.

"I can't tell if that's racist or not, but skin color is definitely involved in the most basest of ways." Beverly Katz said behind Will, impressed, one eyebrow raised and on the verge of a smirk.

The professor flinched, he had not noticed Beverly entering the lecture hall during his little pendulum swing. He really got to get better at not letting people sneak up behind him like that!

"Hey Hannibal, remember anything yet?" Beverly asked conversationally, changing gears. Wearing her trademark leather jacket, black jeans, and boots combo, rather contrary to the usual lab rat outfit, Beverly stood with hands on her hips, leaning to one side.

"Alas, Miss Katz," Hannibal said oozing with charm, "my memories are still limited to the past few days, but I can't say that I am disappointed in the new ones I am making."

"Why he chooses them doesn't matter," Jack cut in, determined to get the conversation back on the path he wants.

Beverly and Will looked at each other in resignation, Jack wants these killers so bad that he doesn't even care about the implications of the murder itself.

"What matters is," Jack continued, unaware of the glances around him, "how he is choosing these victims. Where is he getting them from? And when is the next one?"

Will hesitated. "I don't know if we'll find any more bodies like that Jack."

"What do you mean?"

"You said that all the victims found were coated with a kind of resin right? Injected with a preservative?"

Jack nodded.

“These,” Will gestured to the photographs of the victims, “are all the mistakes, the imperfections, the discard pile. And, as you can see,” he adds with a grim shake of the head, “already run the gamut. Not many colors left.”

“So how do we catch this guy? How do we find him?” Jack pressed.

“Well, he’s not a racist. If anything, he’s a highly religious man, or, at least, one that wants to believe. He’s appreciative of all of God’s creatures, all colors and shapes. The breadth of His work. That he can do it too and he wants Him to know.”

“Ok, and where is this guy?”

“It’s hard to say Jack,” Will sighed.

“What do you mean? What does he do? Does he have a record? How old is he? What’s his profile Will?” Jack asked with increasing intensity.

Totally fed up with male macho bullshit while in prison, Will said tersely, “I’m only as good as what I’ve got to work with. And all I got are photos.”

At that Beverly perked up, “Oh! We got bodies!” She piped up brightly, grinning.

With a slow condescending raise of the eyebrows, Jack said, “We got bodies.” And looked at Will with a triumphant smile.

The younger man fought the urge to roll his eyes.

-

Jesus, Will thought to himself, these serial killers, they sure are a devoted lot. Whenever they get an idea in their head, they really try their best to see it through. Including the one standing next to him. Currently, they were standing in the morgue looking at 7 bodies; 4 female, 3 male, varying in height and skin tone, coated with a cracking clear coat making them appear like sugar coated candies. Will shook his head, he’s got to stop hanging out with cannibals.

The dedication to pursuing a work such as this (The Muralist, he had started calling him in his head), is not easy and not without some strong-ass conviction. That he had gotten it in his head, so strong was that belief that he had chosen to commit the ultimate crime, to take the life of a fellow man. And, organizing those thoughts into a tangible plan of action and actually successfully following through. Well, almost.

The *real* FBI agents, Beverly and Jack, had to step away from the morgue for a moment. Alone with Will, Hannibal peered emotionlessly at the most recent body of Roland Umber. He lowered his face a couple of inches away from the body and inhaled deeply.

Will narrowed his eyes, it was weird but Hannibal sniffing things was nothing new to him.

But Hannibal said nothing except an intrigued look when he straightened back up.

Much to his chagrin, Will needed to know what Hannibal smelled, “What is it?”

“I wonder,” Hannibal began teasingly, “what you would be willing to do if I were to tell you.”

For that, the doctor received a murderous glare.

Hannibal calculated. “Corn fields,” he said casually, he didn’t want what Will wouldn’t give freely anyways. For that he was rewarded with an unexpected smile from the younger man.

“This killer needs someplace private to do what he does. Somewhere upstream from where the body was found, close to water and corn.” Will muttered once he gathered his fort back up, “Most likely in a silo. It’d have the capacity to store his ‘mural’ with direct access to the sky above.”

“Is the killer looking at God?” Hannibal mused, wonderingly, “A challenge of equals?”

“‘I can be as terrible as you. I can take and I can create,’” Will answered for him.

Chapter End Notes

After this there will NEW murders, featuring NEW victims and NEW killers! Do you guys prefer spins on existing characters/plot lines or completley different storylines altogether? Please let me know in the comments below~

Chapter 5

“I got to be Doctor Hannibal Lecter today, the psychiatrist that accompanied special agent Will Graham to crime scenes. I stood in my former shoes and looked through his eyes.” Hannibal said wonderingly, reflecting deeply upon the experience, “But, I was unable to slip into his mind, regain those lost memories.”

“An FBI crime scene is not a pleasant sight, not many people have the stomach,” Bedelia paused, letting the emphasis on the word stomach linger, “for that kind of thing.”

“My former life as an emergency room surgeon must have prepared me for that.”

“What did you think of the crime scene?”

“Nietzschean, pessimistic, monstrous in size, a penultimate design.”

“Suggestions for improvement?”

“If he had placed himself in the center, reflecting back, would’ve been more poignant.”

The ‘ *that’s what I would’ve done’* was left unsaid but everyone heard it.

“You think you could’ve done better?” Will sneered from the far corner of the room. Hannibal had suggested that Will join the therapy session considering that he was currently bereft of one. Curious to see what Hannibal in therapy was like and what kind of therapist was Dr. du Marier, Will agreed.

“To each his own design, wouldn’t you say?” Hannibal said so agreeably that he could charm the pants off a nun.

Or convince a man into his own murder tableaux.

But he didn't do that.

"Would you like to discuss your past history with Hannibal?" Bedelia asked.

Will glared at Bedelia disdainfully, "Why?"

Bedelia looks at Will and raises a brow as if to say, ' *Why do you think?'* Instead, she turns to Hannibal, "What have you been able to collect of your past?"

"From what I gathered from conversations and search engine results, I was able to determine that on April 4th of last year, I met Will Graham. Born in Arkansas, graduated from LSU, was a homicide detective for the New Orleans Police Department for nearly 8 years before being recruited as a Quantico professor. Recently consulting with the BAU on several cases including the Minnesota Shrike case - which was the first case we worked together, and the Chesapeake Ripper. Poor paperwork, circumstantial evidence, and a brain fever led to his wrongful imprisonment. However, not one to let another take credit for his work, this ' *Chesapeake Ripper* '", Hannibal said with a bit of a jealous sneer, "exonerated Will."

"That's rather vague." Bedelia commented.

"It appeared that many of the articles were redacted once it was revealed that it was a false accusation. Information was limited."

"You googled me." Will said, unsure how to feel about that.

"Yes." Hannibal said as if it were obvious. And it was.

"Why do you think Will harbors such…" Bedelia paused as if thinking deeply about her word choice and emphasized the next word in that psychiatric ploy of hers, " *hostility* towards you?"

Word choice carries connotations.

“Hostility is a strong emotion, not dissimilar to passion.” Hannibal said, always the glass half full kind of guy.

Will scoffs.

“The majority of my sessions with Hannibal, memories with or without, have all revolved around you, Mr. Graham. His unrelenting obsession with you has never faltered; is that not the very definition *passionate* ?”

Without stopping to let Will take in this revelation, Bedelia continued, “Tell Mr. Graham, what did you feel in regards to Hannibal accompanying you to the crime scene today? Was his presence a detriment or a benefit? Would you like for him to accompany you again?”

For several long seconds, Will did not move, immobile like a statue, before finally, as if one could hear the creaks in his unused neck, he nodded, “It wasn’t a detriment.” He admitted quietly.

Inwardly, Hannibal beamed, telling Will about the cornfield was the right decision after all.

-

Hannibal knew that Will wanted to leave, that he didn’t want to stay at Hannibal’s house, and that he borderline despised the doctor. But on the other side of the line, Will enjoyed their banter, being able to convey everything with just an expression, and was greatly intrigued by the doctor.

With each passing day, Hannibal could see a lowering of Will’s defenses, lowering of the forts. And Hannibal was determined to have Will by his side.

After all, they are a devoted lot.

Especially after spending nearly the entire day with Will. From accompanying him to The Muralist’s crime scene - James Gray had already been arrested by the local SWAT team, there was only 1 cornfield within a 50 mile radius of the stream so it was pretty easy to figure out the location - to their session with Dr. du Marier, it had been quite intriguing. He had seen Will **perform;**

empathizing so closely with the killer that he was completely lost in that world, disconnected from his own reality, and that rush back. It was awe inspiring, Hannibal had never seen anything like it before or at least have no knowledge of even a condition or possibility of something like Will Graham's empathy was possible. That he was looking at someone incredibly unique. Just like him. And the therapy session, who also showed how incredibly troubled Will Graham is. It was no surprise that the young man was haunted by what he sees with his empathy, what he feels. Hannibal wanted to both soothe and revel in Will's inner anguish.

With the jangling sound of metal clinking together announcing Will's presence and intent to walk the dogs, Hannibal turned to see Will in the doorway of the study.

"I'm going to walk the dogs," Will said.

"May I join you?" Hannibal asked, realizing he wanted to learn **everything** about Will Graham. What he likes, what he doesn't like, his favorite subject in school, what his father was like, what his mother was like, and why so many dogs?

Blinking a bit in surprise, Will raised an eyebrow and asked, "Dressed like that?" And nodded towards Hannibal's three piece grey plaid suit and Italian loafers.

"The Muralist didn't seem to mind."

Good point, Will thought to himself, Hannibal did wear that to the crime scene in the middle of a cornfield. The man should've looked like a fish out of water dressed in that perfectly tailored suit and expensive shoes while the rest of the FBI and local law enforcement ran around in boots and tactical gear, but instead he looked like a majestic white Buffalo, standing out because he was better than them.

Will snorted and grinned, "Okay."

-

"Tell me about how you got Winston and why you decided to name him as such," Hannibal said as they started to walk together.

Hannibal held only 1 leash to which the end of was Winston, the most behaved dog out of Will's pack. The other 6 leashes were clutched in Will's hands. As were the doggie bags.

Looking questioningly at Hannibal, Will replied slowly, "Winston Smith from 1984."

"Because he was able to discern his own truth, aside from what Big Brother told him?"

"Because he survived."

"You saved him."

"Maybe, or they saved me..." Will thought to himself, he deflected, "I found Winston wandering alone in the dark on my way home from a crime scene."

"Do you find yourself wandering alone in the dark on the way home from crime scenes Will?" Hannibal asked curiously, he hadn't failed to notice Will's dissociated state on the drive back from Gray's macabre mural.

Will grimaced as if that statement had physically hurt, but with a grim smile he replied, "I'm alone in that darkness."

I can't be saved.

"No, you're not alone. I'm standing right beside you in that darkness." Hannibal said seriously, Will doesn't need a savior, he doesn't need saving, he needs a **companion.**

Will graced Hannibal with a wary look but didn't reject his comment.

A win in Hannibal's eyes.

“How did the rest of your pack come into your life?” Hannibal continued, moving on to more palatable conversations.

At that Will’s face lit up like all pet parents do when talking about their beloved fur babies, “Oh, the oldest one is Buster,” upon hearing his name, Buster stopped his snuffling in the bushes to look happily with his tongue lolling on his huge bottom teeth at Will, “that little white one with the underbite, he actually came to me first.” Will smiled when Buster wagged his tail, “He came up to me at a parking lot and jumped in my car!”

“Love at first sight.” Hannibal commented; looking directly at the younger man’s profile as he animatedly pointed out the rest of his dogs.

Will chuckled lightly, “Then I found Ellie, that little curly haired white dog, under my porch. I have no idea how she got there but thought she was brown when I first found her! She was so dirty!”

As Will continued to tell the backstories on all his dogs, unsurprisingly he did get some from the local animal shelter, it would’ve been a full time job looking for strays on the side of the road, Hannibal wondered how he could get Will to refer to him with such fond affection. He also wondered how he could get Will to refer to him like that; like he was part of Will’s family of strays.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Freddie Lounds is dead,” Jack announced as he walked into the morgue.

“Ding dong,” Will said tonelessly, not moving his gaze from the dead body before him and accepted the file that Jack handed to him without looking up.

“Will!” Alana remonstrated. “I know she wasn’t your biggest fan but she was just doing her job.”

“Oh c'mon Alana, the woman crucified Will and basically put him on blast saying he was The Chesapeake Ripper!” Beverly said, “Which may or may not have clouded the judgement of several law enforcement personnel.” “Sorry about that Will,” she added.

Will nodded in acknowledged forgiveness.

“Still,” Brian argued, “She was just trying to get the truth.”

Will snorted, “Yeah, tabloids are known for their accuracy.” As he took a photo out of the file folder.

And just as Brian was about to open his mouth for another retort, Jack stopped them, “Is it the Ripper?” He asked.

Everyone clapped their mouths shut, they knew there was no joking around when Jack started on the Chesapeake Ripper. The man saw only **red** when the Ripper was involved. The Ripper’s, the victims, or his own, Will wasn’t sure.

“Any organs missing?” Will asked the obvious.

“Autopsy isn’t done yet. Body was found this morning in a wheat field two states away. Burnt to a crisp. Passerbys had assumed it was a scarecrow.” Jack handed Will a folder full of pictures. “Is it the Ripper?” He asked again.

Will took a deep breath, but hesitated, it wasn’t that he needed privacy but he also didn’t exactly want an audience either. In any case, Jack got the hint, “Everyone out!”

By the time Will was done with his pendulum swing of horrors, he was sweating and breathing hard, it wasn’t because of the horror he witnessed, but rather the beauty. The Chesapeake Ripper was totally, completely, and without a doubt, in love with him. Fuck.

Okay, maybe he was a little bit scared that the most feared serial killer is infatuated with him.

“It’s him,” Will confirmed once everyone re-entered the morgue.

“Are you sure?” Jack pressed.

Seriously, what was even the point on using his ‘special talents’ if it’s only going to be questioned each time he use it? But Will didn’t say that. Instead, “Where did you say her body was found again?”

“Clinton, South Carolina.”

The South. She was found in the South. That must mean something. But more importantly, so was Hannibal. Well, he was heading north at least anyway. Which means, Freddie Lounds was what he was on the way home from - hence the lack of personal identification.

“When was the last time anyone last saw her?” Will asked.

Jack’s face fell, “The timeline isn’t clear due to the nature of her job-“

“Bet all that sneaking around didn’t help,” Bev whispered to Will.

Alana shot Beverly a displeased look and Jack ignored her, used to Team Sassy Science side remarks, and continued, “but it appears that she had deleted all the material from her website three days ago. The only article left is the article about Abel Gideon.”

The burnt remains of Freddie Lounds included two additional pairs of arms, her three arms outstretched in exhalation, to be worshipped.

“Will!” Jack said again loudly. His pet profiler keeps getting lost.

Will blinks, snapping back to himself, “Yeah?”

“What do you see?”

“He’s transformed her into Durga, the Hindu goddess of protection and strength.” Will says, though he doesn’t mention that in Sanskrit Durga also means, ‘fort’.

“So he’s saying that she’s a protective mother?” Jack interprets incorrectly.

“She *is* fierce when it comes to her work,” Price theorizes.

“ **He’s** the protector and warrior. Fighting to protect that which he -“ *loves.* Will stutters, “which he cares for,” he substitutes. “He’s- he’s protecting his work, his legacy. He’s letting everyone know that TattleCrime is full of lies, that’s why he deleted it all except the article about Abel Gideon.” *The article you made her wrote.* Was left unsaid, but if Jack couldn’t see that was left to bait him as Miriam Lass’ arm was, then Jack was an even worse agent than he thought.

“He also deleted the article about you.” Jack said lowly.

Oh, we’re going there now? Will thought, fine. “He didn’t delete the one written by you.” He jabbed right back.

“So this is a message to me now?”

“It’s not the first.”

A distant bell chimed. After all, Quantico was a school first and foremost.

Will looked at the clock, it was noon, “I’m going to get lunch and prepare for my next lecture,” he reminded them in case they’d forgotten he had an actual full-time job too.

“You’re leaving?” Jack asked incredulously, as if Will had grown an extra head.

“Without an autopsy and a body, there’s only so much I can do, Jack.” Not that there was much he *can* do even with an autopsy and a body since there wouldn’t be any **evidence** . *Oh* , that pesky proof.

“But lives -“

“At stake. Yeah. I know. I know.” Will waved Jack off, “Let me know when the autopsy is done and the body is here and I’ll come take a look.” He dismissed so casually and calmly that Jack actually nodded and agreed. What a huge departure he must’ve been from his former trembly, sweaty, angry self that he had stunned his boss into relenting. A near impossible feat when it comes to Jack Crawford and The Ripper.

“Ooo, where you going? Can I come? I’m hungry too.” Beverly asked, eyes lighting up mischievously.

“Oh, I- um, Hannibal’s bringing me something.” Will stuttered.

“Oh ho ho! Does Doctor Lecter bring you lunch everyday?”

Will huffed in slight offense, “No, he usually makes me lunchbox.” As if that was somehow more appropriate.

“He … usually makes you … a … lunchbox…” Alana said slowly with a stormy look.

Flustered and feeling bad for Alana, Will tried to reason, “But he said he wanted to bring me a hot meal today.” He spluttered as an excuse.

“A hot meal…” Alana continued in the same icy tone.

Everyone in the room noticed that that particular day was an unseasonably cold and rainy one. Except for Will, he never minded the rain.

-

It was roasted duck Thai curry with Jasmine Rice and a heart shaped mango sticky rice for dessert this time. Delicious, as always, and Will said such.

While they are eating, Will mentioned his most recent case, moreso because he wanted to vent about the relentless and unscrupulous reporter than discuss the case itself. Afterall, Will knew who killed her. The who, what, and when, too. But Hannibal kept asking questions about The Chesapeake Ripper. Asking about his modus operandi, his past victims, his motive; almost as if he wanted to hunt the Ripper himself.

Guess one can’t always recognize what’s in the mirror.

Of course, Will dismisses all of Hannibal’s concerns. Afterall, why wouldn’t he? He knew exactly where The Chesapeake Ripper was.

“Will, it’s clear that this Ripper is obsessed with you, I’m worried about you going out alone. If you would allow it, I would like to accompany you to your home to retrieve your belongings.”

Will wanted to laugh, oh how he wanted to laugh at the irony of it all, Hannibal being jealous of himself. But, instead, “He’s not going to hurt me. I know what he's *capable* of, currently.”

“As do I Will. I’ve seen the case files. The man is an intelligent sadist that will stop at nothing to get what he wants. Your trial, the judge, Ms. Lounds; he wants you Will.”

“So you want to protect me from The Chesapeake Ripper?” Will teased with a knowing grin. Oh this was way too funny. It was nice to be the one who knew everything for once.

Hannibal looked fondly exasperated, “Will, as much as I love to see you smile, this is no laughing matter. I’m serious. This man has killed well over a dozen people and wants to kill you too.”

At this, Will finally did laugh, “Sorry,” he wheezed, shaking his head, “he doesn’t want to *kill* me.”

“Then what does he want?”

“Oh, I think you know.”

Hannibal had a startled look in his eyes that quickly turned into a roiling inferno.

-

In the end, Will does allow Hannibal to join him on his journey back to his house in Wolf Trap. If not nothing else to end the pointless argument. He even allowed Hannibal to pick him up from work to *escort* him to Wolf Trap, as if the Chesapeake Ripper was watching his every move. Oh wait, he was..

The hope to only remain at Hannibal’s home for three days was short-lived as Will realized early on that the other man was determined in a prolonged stay. Especially now, with the ‘ *threat’* of The Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal was even more reluctant to let Will out of his sight. Gathering a few more articles of clothing (of course, Hannibal had mysteriously managed to supply the guest bedroom closet with clothes that fit Will perfectly), his mail that were mostly bills (*Perhaps it would be prudent to get your mail forwarded to Baltimore for the time being, Will)* , some work papers, and a few dog treats.

Putting the last of the items into the Bentley's trunk, Will suddenly realized, "Oh crap, I need to go pick up Harley's medicine at the vet."

"The brown one with the white chest?" Hannibal asked.

Will smiled broadly, "Very good! Yeah, she's got a bit of arthritis, getting on in the years."

The doctor seemed to perk up a little at that compliment. His back got a little straighter and titled his head proudly.

When they arrived at the veterinarian, Virginia Veterinary Clinic, there were two people ahead of them at the check in window. The waiting room has a row of chairs along two opposite walls, a water cooler on the other wall, beside it a dog bowl, a small table with magazines on top of it, and a tv mounted in a corner.

-x-x-

Breaking news just in: a string of royal murders appear to be taking place across the pond in London. Several prominent figures, including members of the royal family, have appear to have been targeted. Reports are still unclear as to whether or not the deaths are related.

CUT TO: a British constable in dress blues speaking to a crowd of reporters

"Constable Daley, is it true that the murders happened on palace grounds."

"As of now I am not at liberty to say."

"Constable, there are reports that one of the victims is an American, will the FBI be joining the investigation?"

"As of now, I am not at liberty to say."

-x-x-

Will snorted, “Tough gig,” empathizing with the British police officer, knowing all too well what it’s like to work a red ball; reporters hounding your every move.

“Did you have to do press announcements, Will?” Hannibal asked.

“No, Jack does that. No way he can get me to step foot in a room full of reporters. Might even be worse than a room full of psychiatrists.” Smiling crookedly at Hannibal.

“I concur, there should only ever be one psychiatrist alone in a room with Will Graham,” Hannibal purred.

Rolling his eyes and opening his mouth to retort -

“Oh hey Will! Here to pick up Harley’s meds?” The young vet tech asked. She had brown hair tied in a loose bun, scrubs with prancing black ponies, and minimal to no makeup. The kind of attire where you work with animals all day.

Will nods.

“Who’s that with you?”

“Oh, this is Hannibal. He’s a psychiatrist.” Will says casually while he waited for the vet tech to look up Harley’s file in the computer.

“Mr. Fancy Pants from work?”

“Mister Fancy Pants,” Hannibal repeated with a bemused smile directed at Will; who flushed.

The gregarious vet tech laughed, “Yeah,” she said as she simultaneously typed on the computer, multitasking skillfully, “One time Will came in all gussied up in this blue suit - that totally matched his eyes by the way - and said that he was on his way to a colleague’s for dinner and that he was very formal. One sec, let me get the meds.” And turned to go into the back room behind the window.

Staring steadfastly at the vet tech’s empty office chair, Will could feel the smug look Hannibal was no doubt giving him after the vet tech revealed that Will had essentially *dressed up* for him. It was after he got out of the BSHCI and was just about setting his plan of entrapment into motion. Hannibal had always been a man of aesthetics, and Will wanted to appeal to that sense. Thinking that if he had presented himself in a more polished manner that Hannibal would fall into a false sense of security believing that Will wanted to be like him. Not realizing that he had been inadvertently seducing the man.

“Here you go Will,” the bubbly vet tech said as she handed the package of pills to Will. “Oh, we stopped carrying that brand of flea treatment, but we can ship it to you, free of charge.”

“Yeah, ok.”

“To the Wolf Trap address on file?”

“Ye-uh, no. Actually, can you ship it to Baltimore instead?”

“Of course, what’s the address?”

“My address is,” Hannibal smoothly cut in, “217 N Charles St. Baltimore, Maryland. 21201.”

“Do you have any pets Mister...?” The vet tech asked brightly. She really loved animals.

“Doctor Lecter, but please call me Hannibal. And, no, only Will’s at the moment.”

“His **seven** dogs ALL moved in?”

“Jack, Harley, Ellie, Buster, Max, Zoe, and Winston.”

“Wow,” the brunette woman said, “Smart, handsome, rich, and willing to put up with seven dogs? Dude, Will,” she said looking at the Quantico professor, “He’s a keeper.”

Chapter End Notes

your comments give this story life!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> I was having a bit of writer's block with this one, but then I thought, WWHD. Turned out funnier than I thought. This one's a bit silly :P

It was rather bothersome that Will didn't seem to be taking this ' *Chesapeake Ripper'* seriously, Hannibal thought to himself with a sneer. The man was obviously infatuated with Will (couldn't let him go to prison nor be insulted) and a highly intelligent serial killer that, despite all the manpower the FBI could muster and years of investigation, leaves no trace of evidence and not one inch closer to being caught.

Admittedly, his 'designs', as Will calls them, are rather beautiful. Hannibal had managed to get photos of the Ripper's work by bribing members of the forensics team with dinner. Ms. Katz was all too eager to take the bait. He didn't find it strange that he understood immediately the meaning behind each of the Ripper kills (seeing as he's a world class psychiatrist), instead Hannibal worried about the message each display was meant to convey. It didn't sit well with Hannibal that several "designs" had been meant for Will.

If only there was some way he could extricate Will from all of this. It'd be impossible to convince him to stop profiling for the FBI, the young man's obsession with catching killers would not be swayed, that much was evident. Much less the thought that Jack Crawford would actually allow Will to leave; Will's own obsession with the Chesapeake Ripper almost paling in comparison to the head of the BAU's.

Problem was, Will was very … upset with him. Despite all his attempts, he cannot seem to fathom what it could be, but he knows that Will feels terribly betrayed by him. Hannibal had to figure out a way for them to spend more time together. Maybe work together in some way.

Hannibal pondered the possibilities as he mused the bourbon section, debating which bottle to get. When asked earlier if Will would like anything from the market the man had casually replied, "Can you get a bottle of whiskey? Maker's," he added belatedly after realizing Hannibal would buy the most expensive bottle, "Missin' a bit of dat Kentucky bourbon," Will felt he needed to explain, not noticing the bit of Southern drawl that escaped his lips when he did so. Smiling fondly upon reflection of that memory, Hannibal let out an indulgent sigh and grabbed the bottle of Maker's Mark off the medium level shelf.

“Kentucky bourbon? That’s not nearly rarified enough for the likes of you. You must’ve really hit your head hard.” A voice derided, one that had been scorned.

Given the context, Hannibal felt himself in an altruistic mood, and, of course, he would never debase himself to such low level as jeers, so he turned and said magnanimously, “Hello Alana,” but also where it would hurt, “I find myself motivated in trying new things where Will is concerned.” Placing the bottle in his shopping basket.

They were currently at an upscale liquor store that also sold imported cheeses and meats. In spite of his protests, Will had actually become rather fond of the charcuterie plates Hannibal started preparing to accompany their cocktail hours.

“Sounds like you’re lowering your standards,” Alana sniped.

“I disagree. Standards are not directly equated with its value. Rather standards are based upon the rubric its creator. If I were to make an American South based bourbon cocktail, the bold vanilla in Maker’s Mark would be much more suitable than the subtle complexities of a Pappy Van Winkle best enjoyed neat or with a whiskey stone. The value perceived, is in that of the intender.” He ended with a flourish as if he had been holding court.

“And Will is your intended?” Alana curled her lip as she spat. “He hates you, you know.”

“We’re going to couples therapy.”

“He doesn’t like the opera.”

“Not many people do.”

“He has seven dogs.”

“We take them on walks together.”

“He’s unstable.”

“Who wants normal anyway?”

Like two sharks, they circled each other under the guise of polite conversation while taking verbal jabs, both looking for a sign of weakness.

Then, another voice interrupts their tense conversation, “ohmygod. Hey - I mean: Hello Doctor Lecter!”

A finely dressed rotund man in a plaid three piece suit appeared in the bourbon aisle beside them. His eager eyes and basketful of cheese already allowed Hanniabl to infer who the man was:

“Oh, right, I’m Franklin. One of Doctor Lecter’s patients,” he introduced to the both of them.

“Hello Franklin.” Hanniabl said out of courtesy.

“Nice to meet you Franklin.” Alana said kindly, for all her anger towards Hannibal, she couldn’t bring herself to be unkind to a stranger, even if it’s one of Hannibal’s fans.

“I’m so glad to see you’re doing so well Doctor Lecter! I was so worried about you. I wanted to bring you some soup or cheese or wine but I didn’t know where you lived. But it looks like I didn’t need to! Ha ha!” Franklin laughed heartily to no one in particular.

Alana smiled uneasily. It was painful watching the man skewer himself.

“Lucky lady you got there,” implying that Alana had been the one taking care of Hannibal, “Are you Hannibal’s girlfriend?” Franklin dared to ask, slightly jealous but of course Doctor Lecter would have a beautiful, caring, successful girlfriend, he’d expect nothing less.

That was the wrong question to ask as Alana saw only **red.** “No,” she hissed, “Dark curly haired, scruffy men are more his type.” Glaring directly at Hannibal, “Excuse me,” she said as she brusquely pushed past them and out of the aisle.

Leaving Hannibal with, he took a deep breath and closed his eyes - readying himself for: a wide-eyed, besotted, love struck, hopeful, and desperate Franklin. He grimaced.

Alana may have won this round.

-

After a rather hasty retreat and an even hastier explanation that, no, Alana was not referring to him, and, no, she was just joking, and no, Hannibal was not playing coy and that doctor-patient rules still exist with or without memory. And, no, he really, **really** is not sexually attracted to him.

Not that any of those words had any of the intended effect as Franklin continued to look at Hannibal with lovelorn eyes. It was a testament to Hannibal’s self control that the only indication of his disgust was a small tremor in his left eye as he pried Franklin off of him.

-

Feeling slightly discomfited and harried by the whole experience with Franklin, Hannibal hurried home, putting as much distance as he could between them. Walking into the house with his hands full of groceries, carrying no less than 3 bags in each hand, Hannibal passed by the atrium and was momentarily struck breathless.

Reclining on the recessed window seat, one leg bent, the other dangling off the edge, petting Buster idly in his lap, Winston sharing the seat on the other end and the rest of the dogs curled up below, Will Graham was illuminated by the morning light and framed by the potted plants in the atrium, it was a vision Hannibal would remember forever. The man’s face was smooth as he rested with his eyes closed, sunbathing, mouth slightly upturned as if he were worry free.

Mon dieu . He really was in love.

Hannibal almost didn't want to breathe, so much so that he didn't want to unsettle this moment. This freeze frame of beauty. But that is not how life works. And when he moved to get a little closer, he had forgotten the grocery bags in his hands and the shifting of its contents alerted the dogs who then alerted Will with their wagging tails. Harley and Max coming up to Hannibal to sniff the grocery bags. Noticing that Will was now watching him with an expectant look, eyebrows raised in question, Hannibal said:

"If I saw you everyday, forever, Will, I would remember this time."

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"He just keeps looking at me with that love struck look on his face! It makes it very difficult to … organize my 'plans'".

(I.e. Reckoning)

"Does that make you uncomfortable?"

"No, it doesn't make me uncomfortable. It makes me feel… I don't know, flattered? Vindicated? I don't know."

"You're not repulsed by his attentions?"

"Repulsed?" Will furrowed his brows, thinking, "No, not repulsed."

"You don't seem bothered by the fact that Hannibal's a man."

Will blinked, momentarily confused, the idea of gay panic hadn't even crossed his mind. He was too busy going through cannibal panic. The fact that the person infatuated with him happened to be of the same sex was the least of his consideration. "You mean, aside from all else, am I *scared* of his homosexual desires for me?"

Bedelia said nothing and waited. That was what she was asking, Will just rephrased it.

Should it bother him that he didn't even consider the homosexual implications of Hannibal's pursuit? "I'm not sexually attracted to men. And I'm comfortable enough with my sexuality that I am not irrationally violent if a man hits on me." Although, actually, he might be with Hannibal, but that was because Hannibal framed him, let his brain melt, and alienated all his friends, and NOT because of his gay desires. "I'm hostile towards Hannibal for *other* reasons."

Will glared at his interim psychiatrist, as if to say, *You know, you were there.* As usual, she looked indifferent, giving off this skeptical aura that made Will question his own words.

“I’m aware. You said you felt flattered.”

“Well, yeah, I mean, objectively, it is. Flattering. Not including his *extra-curricular* activities. On the *outside,* he appears to be the perfect gentleman. An educated, wealthy, handsome Doctor that can cook. Who wouldn’t want that?” Will asked facetiously. “Just don’t ask what the meat is.” He joked grimly.

“If, for example, Agent Crawford were to express an *interest*- ?”

At the thought of Jack looking at him like that, Will curled his lip in disgust, “Ugh, Crawford? I’d rather go back to prison.”

Bedelia gave him a look. Well, she just looked at him with those dead eyes of hers.

“That doesn’t mean I’m attracted to Hannibal.” Will tried to backtrack, “I’m just saying that, objectively, if anyone had to choose between Hannibal or Jack following you around like a lovesick puppy, most people would pick Hannibal.”

Bedelia didn’t say anything. That wasn’t the question she asked and they both knew it.

Will deflected, “You know that he told me the other day that if he saw me forever that’d he’d remember that time? I mean, who says that?”

“Strong statement. How does that make you feel?”

Will fought the urge to roll his eyes.

-

When Professor Graham arrived on campus half an hour later, he could tell that Quantico was abuzz with something. He had just finished his solo therapy session with Dr. du Maurier, and as much as he resents therapy and psychiatrists in general, he did need someone to talk to that also knew about ‘ *Hannibal behind the veil’.* Though, shaking his head, Will wondered whether or not she was actually helping.

As Will climbed the steps to the building’s entryway, he was lost in thought and didn’t notice the extra security stationed at the metal detector screening entrance. Nor did he notice the trainees whispering to each other and high ranking officers or foreign dignitaries.

No, Professor Graham was too busy wondering about all those leading questions about what he *feels* about Hannibal’s ‘infatuation’, as Will had come to call it. He wasn’t going to say that the man was in love with him because a man like that isn’t capable of love.

Just because Hannibal is a predator that’s been defanged and declawed, doesn’t mean he’s not a predator. And people like that aren’t capable of compassion . Hannibal had to be up to something, just because he seems innocent now doesn’t mean he isn’t up to something. There are latent predator instincts behind all that amnesia. Will had to be on guard at all times. Fool me once …

It wasn’t until Will entered his lecture hall that he noticed something was off. That being, there was another professor setting up *his* slides.

“What are you doing?” Will asked not so nicely.

The other man was bent over connecting some electrical cords together and jumped a little at the sound of Will’s voice.

Never been in the field.

“You must be Will Graham,” the man was around the same age as Will, early 30s, wire-framed glasses, clean-shaven academic looking sort of man, “I’ve heard a lot of things about you.” He gushed and held his hand out for a handshake.

Will ignored it. Still waiting for his answer.

“All good things of course.” The man tried to rectify. “I’m Jacob Thompson, uh, I’m covering the rest of your classes.”

Surprised, Will blinked rapidly and scowled, no one had told him, “For the day?”

“Uh, I’m not, uh, sure,” Jacob hesitated, “I think you should ask Agent Crawford.”

Will huffed. Of course it had to do with Jack.

-

Will had wanted to storm into the BAU and Jack’s office to demand what the hell was going on and that he can’t just take him out of class whenever he liked, especially after what the FBI had put him through. But his initial rage dampened into confusion as he noticed all the extra **uniformed** security personnel lining the BAU doorway.

“Name, sir?” One of the armed guards asked. He was tall, square jawed, a muscle-bound neck, and wearing sunglasses, like a stereotypical military man like you’d see in the movies.

“Uh, Will Graham,” wondering now if it had been a good idea to come here at all and if he should just leave. He’s not so sure he wants to get involved in whatever this is.

Just as he was about to turn around, another man said, “He’s on the approved list, let him through.”

They checked his I.D., wanded him down with the metal detector, and escorted him directly to Jack’s office.

All his riled up energy turned into anxiety the further he was led down the hall. Everyone in the department appeared in a frenzy and it sounded like some of the voices had a British accent.

When he entered the office, Will was even more perplexed to see Hannibal already there sitting in one of the chairs.

“Ah, Will, there you are,” Jack greeted and gestures for Will to sit, “Gentlemen, thank you,” he dismissed the escorts who then left with a nod.

“Sir.” The guards said as they left the office.

“Thanks for the warning,” Will muttered.

“You would have,” Jack answered smugly with his brows raised, “if you had answered any of my calls this morning.”

What? He didn’t get any calls. But the last time he looked at his phone was - fuck - when he silenced his phone for his therapy session with Bedelia that morning. Will blanched at the realization, looking at Jack’s self-satisfied face is worse than Jack yelling at him. He hated it when Jack was right.

“Sorry,” was all Will could meekly mumble.

Jack continued, “Have you heard about the murders in Great Britain?”

“Yes, we saw something on the news the other day. I believe they’re calling him the “Royal Executioner.” Hannibal replied.

Will snorted at the name, why are they always so terrible?

“Well, it’s been confirmed that the spouses of various royal families have been killed in England. The victims’ nationalities are mostly English, but there’s also a Frenchman and an American victim as well. So far, 8 people have been killed and they’re still nowhere close to catching the guy. The

community surrounding the royals are very tight. They don't talk about their own, even to police. So they want to send a team in to infiltrate them. That's where you two come in."

"Why do you need us Jack? We're civilians, we don't do undercover work."

"You worked undercover in Vice NOPD for a year, Will." Jack deadpanned.

Will huffed.

"However, it appears that faking a royal is harder than it is. Heritage, ancestry, castles aren't easily forged. No one in Interpol, MI5, 6, or CIA have anyone of that background."

"Yeah, well, I don't think my backwater bayou roots qualifies."

"Well, as luck would have it, it appears that we do have a member of a royal birth on our team," Jack said slowly.

"Oh no." Will said with a look of dread.

"Count Hannibal Lecter, the third." Jack finished just as Will groaned. The agent hands Hannibal a manila folder, "I'm not sure how much you remember, but consider this file as an abridged history of your nobility."

"What are you planning, Jack?" Will asked in a warning tone.

"Doctor Lecter, I mean, Count Hannibal Lecter, the third," Jack was really trying hard to butter him up, "How would you like to participate in an operation that involves you and Will going to London and posing at newlyweds?"

Will's mouth dropped open. But before he could say a word, Hannibal said,

“I’m in.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all your kind comments! I read ALL of them! They're what keeps me going! Well, this story is going to take a turn. Don't worry though, it's going to be tropes galore.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> Note: I am sorry it took me so long to update. I'm American and I have no idea how this peerage system worked (and really started regretting adding this element to my story). Turns out, it's a bit complex. After some studying and googling, this is what I've come up with. Please forgive me for any inaccuracies, both medically and nobility wise. This is pure crack anyways.
>
> LMK if there are any gramatical or canonical errors.

Hannibal and Will followed Agent Crawford to another conference room, again manned with several armed men in suits. Inside was a single dark wood table with 6 swiveling office chairs on either side, a pulled down projection screen, a dry erase board on the opposite end, and a general dull gray hue from floor to ceiling. The BAU's resident forensic team were already seated along one side of the table facing them as they entered, while a young man and older man Hannibal didn't recognize stood at the head of the long conference table.

"Gentleman," Jack introduced, "These agents are from MI6 and will explain more details."

"Hello, I'm Agent Black and this is Agent Stevens," the young man said and extended his hand. He looked to be in his late twenties but spoke with the slight nervousness of a new recruit and kept darting his eyes back over to the senior female agent. Standing at 5' 3" in heels, Agent Stevens was easily the smallest person in the room but carried herself as if she was the largest. She looked closer in age to Hannibal and Jack with a maturity that matched.

"Hannibal Lecter," he said as he shook Agent Black's hand and Agent Stevens beside him.

Agent Black held his hand out for Will, who reluctantly uncrossed his arms to shake it and continued to hold it out for Agent Stevens to shake out of propriety.

"Uh, please, have a seat," Agent Black said, gesturing to the seats, the front most one already taken by Jack. He walked over to dim the lights and turn on the projection.

"The only thing all the victims have in common is that they are married to nobility. With titles, non-noble wives can use their husband's title as a 'courtesy title' ('viscount = viscountess') whereas non-noble husbands of wives with titles have no designations (viscountess = mister). We have 8 known victims, all found in various parts of the United Kingdom within the last 16 months."

Click.

"Lady Priscilla Ainsley, married to Lord Martin Ainsley, eldest son of an English Duke."

The preserved head of a young woman on a stainless steel autopsy table was depicted on the projection screen. Click.

“Marchioness Antonia Barelli, married to Italian Marquess Salvadore Barelli.”

The head of a middle aged woman appeared on the same stainless steel table. Click.

“Mister Jeffrey Toth, married to Baroness Joan Maron.”

Another decapitated head appeared. Click.

“Mister Michael Edelman, American husband of Welsh Duchess Marinne Clanghorn.”

A disembodied head appeared. Click.

“Mister Jorge Alonso, husband of Spanish Viscountess Margerite Alonso.”

A dark haired head appeared. Click.

“Mister Charles Henry, husband of English Marchioness Helena Stromsbraugh.”

A bald one. Click.

“Countess Emily Warren, wife of Count Christopher Warren, also known as the Earl of Ulster.”

A blonde head with dead eyes stared back. Click.

“Baroness Amelia Hardy, wife of English Baron Ryan Hardy.”

Finishing with the red head.

“These are the photos of all the victims we have been able to attribute to the Executioner. The first head, uh, body, uh, remains of Baroness Hardy first and the last, Lady Ainsley, found last Friday.

We’ve only been able to recover the heads so far but none from the original location. In each instance, upon discovery, each of the remains had been moved before calling the authorities. When the household was questioned, they refused to cooperate and barricaded themselves behind dignitary lines and an army of lawyers.

MI6 believe that the killer is a high ranking nobleman. Which is why Her Majesty’s Secret Service is requesting the assistance of the FBI and Count Hannibal Lecter, Earl of Kaunas. We need someone to get inside their secret circle.” Black concluded.

“Can’t you just buy a title these days?” Beverly asked.

“We’ve attempted that but these royals can flush out a purchased title very quickly. All the victims are related to those with inherited titles. We need someone whose lineage can be traced and is the current holder of that title. Unsurprisingly, people like that are hard to come by. Imagine our surprise when we got a match with a consultant in the FBI database.”

“What about Hannibal’s condition? Should he be doing something like this?” Will asked.

“We’ve already received medical and mental clearance from Hannibal’s doctors,” Jack explained. Hannibal had to provide Jack the necessary paperwork after his little field trip with the Muralist. “Plus, since we’re already fabricating identities for this assignment, Hannibal’s, uh, condition, acts in our favor.”

Hannibal nodded his head slightly as if he agreed.

“And what exactly does this assignment entail?”

“Everyone in this room is included in the operation. We have arranged covers for everyone except Count Lecter, who will be playing himself. You, Agent Graham, will be posing as Count Lecter’s new husband. Agent Crawford will be stationed at headquarters. Agent Katz will be the personal assistant, Agent Price will be the driver, and Agent Zeller: butler.”

“Why do I have to be the butler?” Zeller whined.

Everyone ignored him.

“None of the victims were in a same-sex marriage. Wouldn’t it make more sense for Bev to pose as Hannibal’s spouse?” Will argued.

“Agent Graham,” the senior MI6 agent turned to Will impassively, “I highly doubt that anyone other than yourself would be believable as Count Lecter’s spouse.” Turning to Hannibal, “Wouldn’t you agree, Count Lecter?”

“Please, Doctor Lecter is fine,” Hannibal joked but the only one who laughed (well, snorted) was Will. Nobody understands me as well as Will does, Hannibal thought sentimentally to himself, looking affectionately at Will as he did so.“No, I don’t think I can appear to be convincingly in love with anyone other than Will Graham.”

His mongoose didn’t turn to meet Hannibal’s eyes but he could see the flush creep from Will’s neck to his ears.

“So you’ll join the operation?” Agent Black inquired desperately. The man wore his emotions as boldly as his partner concealed hers.

This is exactly what Hannibal had hoped for and then some. If someone had been listening to Hannibal’s prayers, then he hit the jackpot. But Hannibal doesn’t pray.

Though for someone suffering from amnesia as the result of a head injury, you’d think Hannibal would wish for something along those lines. But, Hannibal in spite of not remembering who he is, he knows that he is a decisive man. He either likes it or he doesn’t. And once he sets his sights on something, Hannibal knows he follows through no matter what. And right now, Will Graham is in the crosshairs.

“You’ll have to ask my husband,” Hannibal said with a devilish grin.

As if part of some synchronised flash mob, everyone in the room seemed to turn to look at Will with pleading eyes.

“Please, Will. I really want to go to London,” Beverly begged.

“I’ve never been to Europe,” Price added hopefully.

Even Brian Zeller grumbled, “London does sound fun, even if I have to be a servant.”

“This isn’t a personal vacation,” Jack barked at the three but immediately softened his expression and turned to Will, “But, Bella and I met in Europe and I’d like to take her there again before it’s

too late."

Will's eyes widened in disbelief. Really? You're using the dying wife tactic?

"But what about our jobs?"

"Doctor Lecter is currently on break and we already found someone to cover your classes," Jack answered.

"What about my dogs?"

"We can arrange for someone to take them."

"I want to bring Winston." Will demanded.

"We can discuss the details once the contract has been signed," Agent Stevens intercepted.

Will groaned, he could feel everyone's eyes on him, begging for him to say yes. He really didn't want to go to London as some silly socialite. But he'd be saving lives.

Also, Beverly looked like she might stab him if he said no. When did he start being more afraid of a 110 pound fiber specialist than a cannibalistic serial killer?

With a deep sigh, Will told them, "Just don't make me into some vapid boytoy."

"Don't worry," Agent Stevens replied, "We've taken into consideration your preferences and background and have created a cover that is well within your range."

"I don't know what kind of news you get over there in the UK, but Will's, uh, kind of famous here?" Jimmy Price said with an ending lilt as if it were a question.

"We're aware of Miss Lounds," the MI6 agent seemed to glare at Brian for a moment, "And we also have a solution that may involve some … aesthetic changes."

Beverly and Jimmy gasped at the same time.

"Wait," Will stuttered, "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

"Oh, I think she is," Beverly said.

"Oh yeah," Jimmy cheered.

"MAKEOVER MONTAGE!" the pair shouted out in a singsong voice, high-fiving each other. .

Will groaned and buried his head in his hands. Hannibal beside him looked very amused, nearly smiling. Brian looked embarrassed, while Jack completely ignored them and was already signing the contract.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

> Okay, so I don't know if this is necessarily my most "well-written" chapter, but I do think it is the most hilarious. I have been busy on another personal writing project so I didn't have as much time to... refine it. I know, I know, I should be the kind of person who doesn't put stuff out unless it's 100% perfect, but, hey, it's not like I get paid for this.

As it turned out, makeover montages only worked in the audio-visual medium of film and tv and not so much in reality. Though Beverly and Jimmy did put on Prince's "Let's Go Crazy" as they

curated Will's new image.

"I thought that this was going to be more fun," Zeller complained as Beverly and Jimmy squealed over another image on the computer.

"Aren't you supposed to mocking up Will's new identity?" Jimmy shot back.

"Yeah, don't forget to make a Facebook profile," Beverly sassed.

Since it was 2016 and they had access to the best forensic sketch artist program in the business, it would've been a shame not to use it. (Not that Will was complaining since he didn't want to put on and take off a whole wardrobe in the span of 10 minutes. He was the type of guy who wanted to wear as little as possible.) So instead, the team had uploaded an image of Will into the app and were now in the midst of adding and subtracting various outfits on Will.

The team had decided that it would be best if Will wasn't involved in the generation of his new identity. The man would've insisted on flannels and cotton t-shirts. Not exactly "married-to-royalty" vibes.

Currently, the computer screen depicted a punk-rock version of Will Graham. Complete with dark eyeshadow, studded collar, and spiky hair.

Zeller frowned at the computer screen, "I don't think MI6 would approve."

"Don't be jealous," Jimmy teased.

"Awww," Beverly teased, "Are you jealous cause you wouldn't look as pretty in a dress?"

The next image on the screen showed another altered photo of a grumpy Will Graham in a 18th century Victorian ball gown; clean shaven and with a large wig.

"I'd look pretty," Zeller insisted.

Both Jimmy and Beverly looked up and pursed their lips and raised their brows and hummed.

Eyes widening in defense, “I would look pretty!” Zeller pouted.

-

The undercover identity that had been created for Will was not too dissimilar from his actual identity. His name would be Tom Sorrenson, a professor at a community college in Baltimore. Hobbies include sailing and volunteering at the local dog shelter. His appearance, on the other hand…

Well, that had been completely changed. A lot.

When the team had presented to him the final image of what they had decided on, Will had thought it was a joke at first. But both Jack and Agent Black were present and neither of them were laughing.

“You can’t be serious.” Will said.

“What seems to be the problem Will?” Jack had asked.

“I would never …” Will fumbled with the right word, “make myself look like that.” He said with disgust.

“Isn’t that the whole point?” Agent Black argued, “You’re not Special Agent Will Graham anymore, you’re Professor Tom Sorrenson.”

“I don’t think community college professors dress like that.” Will whined pointing at the computer generated image of a blonde version of himself. He was dressed in professor attire, checked shirt and vest, but they had shaved off his scruff, cut his hair out of his eyes, and dyed it blonde! He said he didn’t want to look like a vapid boytoy!

“I disagree,” Agent Black replied.

“Yeah Will.” Jimmy chimed in. “We even gave you a tie.”

“I hate ties!” Will grumbled.

“Exactly,” Beverly added, “But Tom Sorrenson **loves** his neckties.”

Hannibal had been mysteriously excluded from this particular meeting but Will had a feeling that they didn’t want Will to have Hannibal on his side. Everyone knew that Hannibal was totally whipped.

In the end, Will had to be led, practically kicking and screaming, to the salon.

-

It had been two weeks and 1 murdered royal’s wife later that Hannibal and Will had their first dinner party or ‘Sunday Roast’. Which, apparently, was a thinly veiled excuse to start drinking at 3:15PM in the U.K.

After the discovery of Olivia White’s decapitated head, Hannibal and Will were instructed to get close to her family and friends. Hannibal had magnanimously taken up what one would consider the more challenging task of befriending the widowed husband. Will had gone for the best friend.

In less than a day, Hannibal had already been invited to dinner and polo by Lord Mark White while Will couldn’t even get Princess Chloe Harrington’s email address.

Now, in their 11 bedroom mansion in the English countryside, Hannibal and Will were hosting their first event as a royal couple - as per the FBI and MI6.

Hannibal and Will had attended several upper echelon events already, but Will was still struggling with fitting in. Hannibal, on the other hand, was already the talk of the town.

While Hannibal was currently holding court in the kitchen, dazzling everyone with his impressive cooking skills, Will was in the sitting room trying to figure out what to say.

Surprisingly, however, (unlike all the other times) Chloe had asked Will to come sit with her and the other ladies. Unfortunately, they were talking about their sex lives.

“Fred likes me to suck his balls when I go down on him.”

“Ugh.”

“But it’s ok, they’re not that big. They’re like,” she makes a shape the size of a lime with her index and middle finger, “this big.”

The ladies all laugh.

“Sometimes, when I’m in the mood for something naughty, I like it in the arse.”

“You are nasty Janice, but I like it a little dirty too.”

They all giggle again.

“And what about you Tom? What’s Hannibal like in bed?”

“Yeah, are you a top or a bottom?”

“Oh, how big is he?” One of the ladies asks with her hands spread apart and slowly moving outwards to indicate penis size.

“Is he uncut?”

“Oh yeah, does it feel different from a regular dick?”

4 pairs of hungry eyes awaited an answer.

Will blinked dazedly. He had never seen an uncut dick. Excluding the bodies in the morgue, Will had never seen another man naked other than himself. And he wasn’t looking at dead people's dicks when he was figuring out their killer’s design.

“Uh…” Will took a sip of his whiskey, “We’re very private?” He said, unsure of his own answer. He didn’t know what to say. He had no idea what Hannibal's dick looked like and he didn't even know enough about different kinds of dicks to make up one. Who said ladies didn’t care about size?

“Oh c’mon Tommy!” Someone whined.

“That’s no fun.”

“We shared our stories.”

“Does he eat your ass?”

Will choked on his wine and, in doing so, jerked his glass, accidentally spilled some on the hem of Chloe’s white dress. “Oh, shit, fuck, I am so sorry, let me get something to clean that up.” Taking the opportunity to run away from the conversation (i.e. quickly google some photos of uncut cocks on his phone).

Without waiting for a reply, Will shot up from his seat and rushed towards the kitchen, but just as he was rounding the hallway to the kitchen, he saw Hannibal holding a tower of profiteroles and grabbed the man and shoved him in the hallway bathroom. It was a sign of Hannibal’s skill that he managed to balance the tray and not spill any of the choux balls during Will’s rough handling.

“Will, what’s - ?” Hannibal hissed as Will began to unbuckle his belt. He placed the tray down. “What are you doing?” He asked again now that he managed to steady his voice and Will, stopping the younger man with a firm hand on his shoulder. .

“There’s no time to explain, I need to see your dick.” Will said seriously. “Now.”

Hannibal’s eyebrows shot up for a second and then he smiled bemusedly, and said, a bit seductively, “You need only to ask my dear,” and pushed his pants and underwear lower, revealing a semi-soft uncut cock.

Will didn’t even blink, but he did blush furiously when he saw Hannibal’s dick for the first time, staring as if he was trying to memorize it. As it turned out, it was uncut and it did look a bit different. It looked like it was wearing a little turtleneck. *Europeans,* Will thought in his head. Then he frowned, flicked his eyes up to Hannibal briefly before asking, “Uh, can you, uh, make it hard?”

Now Hannibal looked like he was suppressing a laugh, “Would you like me to also speak and roll over on command too, Will?”

If at all possible, Will turned even more red and looked everywhere but at Hannibal. Finally, he looked at Hannibal, pleading with his eyes. Thankfully, Hannibal took pity and simply inclined his head slightly downwards, flicking his eyes downwards, indicating that Will should look down.

And sure enough, Hannibal was fully hard. Performance anxiety? Not a concept Hannibal was familiar with. Uncut, girthy - maybe 2.5 inches in diameter, 8.5-9 inches? Will tried to measure with his hands knowing he’ll have to describe it later. Taking a deep breath, Will looked up at Hannibal.

“Done?” He asked.

Will nodded and Hannibal started tucking himself back in. Feeling grateful and spontaneous all of a sudden, he pecked Hannibal on the cheek and said, “Thank you.”

He could feel the other man stiffen and Will knew Hannibal was looking at him with that stupid lovestruck look so Will quickly retreated, opening the door, but, “Oh yeah, how do you get wine stains out again?”

“Soda water.” Hannibal replied looking a bit dazed.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Honey, I’m home,” Will called out. The dogs that had gathered by Hannibal immediately scrambled to their feet, paws skidding on the marble floor as they ran towards their beloved master.

“Welcome back, darling,” Hannibal said loudly. He didn’t shout. Hannibal didn’t believe in shouting. Shouting was crude.

The sound of several dog's happy yips and whines echoed through the halls. Hannibal could hear Will distantly greeting the dogs, "Hey guys."

Hannibal smiled fondly as he imagined the happy look on Will's face. Until he heard a female voice say, "My goodness TomTom, you have more dogs than the Queen!"

He frowned slightly upon hearing the nickname. Will didn't like nicknames. Hannibal could still picture that fearsome face Will had made upon discovering his formers' nickname in his phone: mongoose.

But, to his surprise, he heard Will chuckling, "One aspires to be compared to the Queen," Hannibal could hear him saying distantly.

A jealous fury burned in Hannibal's chest. Who was this bitch and why was she allowed to give Will a nickname to his fake name and why didn't Will like the one he had given him?

"And I brought a guest," Will shouted out as an afterthought.

Hannibal heard Will and their guest's heels echoing down the hallway coming towards the kitchen and quickly schooled his expression.

As soon as Will came in sight of Hannibal, he made a beeline towards the man and collapsed into his open arms and all irritations melted away. The public display of affection may have started off as part of a ruse, but Hannibal could tell it had evolved into something more. For a man who shunned physical touch, Will had been initiating it more than necessary.

Hannibal held his lover for as long as he would allow. The length usually depended on how much socialization Will had to endure for the day. It seemed that Will had endured quite a lot already today as he clutched Hannibal slightly longer than usual.

Hannibal smiled as he took Will's weight and gently stroked down his back in a soothing motion. He had become a source of comfort for Will. A reprieve. A soothing balm. An anchor at sea.

And to think that 3 weeks ago Will had so adamantly fought against his touch.

~ 3 weeks earlier ~

“I can’t do it!” Will whined. His hair had been (forcibly) trimmed and dyed blonde, his beard was gone, and Will swore they did something to his eyebrows. Though Hannibal knew that they hadn’t been touched. Will just hadn’t seen his eyebrows for so long because they were hiding under his hair that he didn’t realize how attractive his eyebrows were.

Not that Hannibal thought that this blonde version of Will was more attractive - he found Will stunning in any way - but, he was a little partial to the clean shaven look.

Agent Stevens pursed her lips in displeasure as she watched from her seat behind the long rectangular table and crossed her arms. Seated to her right, Jack sighed and rubbed his temples in frustration.

“I thought you said you could think like anyone,” Agent Stevens said cooly to Will.

“Yeah, but -”

“Well,” she continued, “then think like you’re someone who is in love with Hannibal Lecter.”

“But -” Will tried to protest.

Ignoring Will’s objections, Agent Stevens directs, “Now, let’s try that again. And with more tongue this time, Will.”

With a (rather adorable) pout, Will turned to face Hannibal who had been waiting patiently before him. Will took a deep breath, as if steeling himself, scrunched his eyes shut, puckered his lips and leaned into Hannibal’s lips.

Despite the rather awkward and forced delivery of Will’s kiss, Hannibal still captured the younger man’s mouth with his own. His hands gracefully reached up to hold Will’s nape in one hand and

wrap around his waist with the other. Hannibal could feel Will tense underneath him, his hands unsurely grasping at his lapels, his tongue wriggling around like a worm on a lure.

Everyone collectively groaned.

“Will, you look like you’re getting a colonoscopy. You gotta kiss him like this,” Zeller said and pantomimed a french kiss.

The whole room winced as Zeller tongued the air. Even Hannibal pressed his lips together in a moeu of disgust.

Turning away from Zeller, Beverly suggested next, “No, Will, you got to hold onto him like you never want to let go.”

“If it’s so easy, why don’t you do it,” Will sniped.

“Okay,” Beverly turned in her seat and faced Agent Stevens. She placed a hand on her shoulder, brought her other hand to the woman’s nape, and kissed her.

Agent Stevens let out a muffled ‘oomph’ of surprise, but quickly melted into the kiss. The women’s mouths nipped and tongued each passionately. And for a few seconds, all they could hear was the hard breathing and soft moans of Agent Katz and Agent Stevens.

Will and Jimmy had dropped their mouths open in shock. Agent Black, Zeller, and Jack were blushing. And Hannibal was mildly amused.

When the pair finally broke away, they were both panting lightly. Agent Stevens cleared her throat, smoothed a nonexistent wrinkle down her blouse, turned to Will and said, “See? That wasn’t so difficult.”

“But I- I’d never kissed a man before,” Will floundered with his excuses.

Tilting her head almost haughtily, Agent Stevens retorted, “And I had never kissed another woman before.”

As enjoyable as it was to continue kissing his beloved, Hannibal saw that the frustration was starting to overtake Will and that further attempts would be hindered by it.

“If I may make a suggestion,” Hannibal announced.

“By all means, Doctor Lecter, please,” Jack pleaded.

“It isn’t easy for anyone to perform such an intimate act such as kissing before their colleagues. Perhaps it would be easier if this was attempted in a more private setting.”

Desperate to get it over with, Jack agreed way too hastily, “Good idea, doctor. Why don’t we call it a day and you and Will work it out at home? We’ll pick back up here again tomorrow.” And quickly stood up to prevent any objections.

-

Later that night, after Hannibal had calmed Will down with a decadent dinner, several glasses of fine wine, and thought-provoking conversation about ethics and aesthetics, he thought he’d retire for the evening. After the fight Will had put up earlier, Hannibal figured it would be best if he gave Will some space to come to terms with the whole charade before trying again.

However, it would seem that Will would surprise him once again. As Hannibal disrobed and settled down into his bed, there was a soft knock at his bedroom door.

“Come in,” he said.

Shyly, Will entered. His hair was still damp from the shower and he was now dressed in his sleep attire of a white undershirt and boxer shorts (a rather unflattering male underwear design, Hannibal thought). Nervously, Will averted his gaze and fiddled with the hem of his shirt.

Hoping to help, Hannibal asked, “Is something the matter, Will?”

“Yes, no, I - no,” he finally settled on.

Hannibal tilted his head but waited for Will to gather his thoughts to continue.

Taking a deep breath, Will finally steeled himself to look at Hannibal and asked, “I was wondering if I could sleep with you tonight.”

A broad grin broke out across Hannibal’s face.

Will flushed adorably, even his ears turned red, “I mean, just sleep. Together. In your bed.”

Just as Hannibal was about to tell Will, ‘of course’, the Quantico professor bulldozed on.

“I mean, I just figured that we’re going to be sharing a bed in London anyways, I better start getting used to it. And I thought that maybe it would help acclimatize me to being intimate with you.” Will blushed even harder after realizing his phrasing. “Not saying that I’m going to sleep with you - uh, well, I mean, I am, but not in that way. The non-sex way. Not sex. I just want to get used to your body. But not -,” Will sighed and gave Hannibal a simpering look, “Are you going to help me out or let me hang myself here?”

“I didn’t want to be rude and interrupt,” Hannibal said with a bemused grin.

“And we all know how you feel about the *rude* ,” Will smirked.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for being so patient. I had kind of lost focus and interest in this work but your comments requesting for more sparked my motivation and inspiration. You readers are my driving force! I thank thee!

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The mind of Tom Sorrenson was perhaps the most innocuous and simple point of view Will ever had to inhabit. And, it was, arguably, the most excruciating mindset Will had to look through. And that included serial rapists, mass murderers, and serial raping mass murderers.

Although they had constructed a background for Tom similar to Will's own, there were some glaring differences. First, Tom taught *Literature* at a *Community* college. Not that there was anything wrong with books and a reasonably priced education, but Will Graham was an expert in criminal minds, analyzing crime scenes, and creating (shockingly) accurate profiles. Not pretty lines of poetry.

At least they had made him smart. But not *too* smart. They still had to create a cover that Will was destitute and of a lower class. At one point, Will even proposed a backstory of being a mechanic. But that was quickly vetoed by most everyone as too dirty. Except Hannibal that quirked a sly brow as if he had been imagining what Will would look like disheveled and covered in grease.

Still, there were some benefits to being Tom Sorrenson. And with Will's eidetic memory, he could easily kill any conversation by replying with an obscure quote. It would've sounded smart and clever, and no one would have any clue what he was saying. But no one would dare admit it, lest they take a blow to their ego, and be forced to change the subject, or, better yet, move on to their next conversation partner.

"Awww, you guys are so cute!"

Will heard his guest say behind him as he snuggled into Hannibal's arms. And as much as he'd like to hide and pass her onto Hannibal to entertain, for some reason Chloe preferred Will's company. Princess Chloe Harrington, or as she told Will to call her, "E", was a 24 year old English socialite and royal elite. She was currently on her second year of her post-graduate gap year and, like most people born into wealth, had a lot of money and time on their hands. Not needing to work for a living frees up a lot of time in one's day.

Forcing himself to wrench away from the comfort of Hannibal's chest and (grimace) socialize, Will stepped back and introduced his guest, "Hannibal, this is Princess Chloe Harrington. I was telling her about how *marvelous* you are in the kitchen and she wanted to see the show for herself. Would it be terribly troublesome if we could add one more person to dinner tonight?"

Will, or rather Tom, looked up at Hannibal and gave him his best attempt at puppy-dog eyes. Lord knows how many times Will had fallen for the same look from his own dogs.

And it seemed that the immovable Hannibal Lecter was no different. As long as the puppy dog eyes belonged to Will.

Ever the consummate host, no matter what state he was in, Hannibal inclined his head politely and said, “Of course, my darling, it is no trouble at all. It is a pleasure finally to make your acquaintance, Princess. I don’t believe we had a chance to speak at the Sunday Roast. I hope that my home cooked meal is up to your standards.”

The Princess giggled and held out her hand. Which Hannibal immediately brought to his lips and kissed. *Will* wanted to roll his eyes at all these silly conventions but he wasn’t Will at the moment. Nope, he was Tom (Tomtom) Sorrenson. A companion to the royal elites.

“Please,” Chloe said in her posh accent, indicative of a high grade education and a childhood spent in etiquette school. But she was still just like any 24 year old girl, she wanted to fit it, be like everyone else; **normal.** She didn’t want all the stiff formalities and forced decorum because of her royal status. She just wanted to have fun. Hence, the obsession with nicknames. “Call me, ‘E’,” she said, withdrawing her hand. “The fault with not having a chance to speak would lie with me. I apologize for my late arrival.”

“Nonsense, as long as you enjoyed yourself, that’s all that matters.”

“Indeed I did. I had the most wonderful time chatting with Tomtom.”

Always minding his manners and social graces, Hannibal smiled and asked, “May I offer you a drink? I’ve just decanted a bottle of Bartard-Montrachet.”

“A glass would be lovely, but I was wondering if, it isn’t too much of a bother, I could perhaps have a glass of whiskey instead?” she said with a wink to Will. As if she’d be slumming it with a $3,000 bottle of bourbon instead of the $3,000 bottle of wine.

“Ah, we have another whiskey lover,” Hannibal said with a gentle touch between Will’s shoulder blades. “Darling, why don’t you escort Miss E here to the dining room and pour her a glass? I’m almost finished here.”

“Miss E, huh? I kind of like that,” Chloe said brightly.

“It appears that I have a knack for nicknames as well,” Hannibal said with a grin.

“Now we just gotta come up with one for you,” Will said, turning to his ‘husband’. “Count Doctor Hannibal Lecter the third is kind of a mouthful.”

“You sure you mind having a mouth full of him?” Chloe teased.

For a moment, Will blinked in confusion until the pun hit him and he slowly started blushing.

Without missing a beat, Hannibal said playfully, “I certainly don’t mind a mouthful of Tomtom.”

Will groaned. Dinner’s going to be full of *pun*tifications with the two of them.

-

“For our first course, cajun fried frogs’ legs with pistachio dust,” Hannibal announced as he set the dishes down, “Frog legs as a delicacy originated in France and modified by the Gulf states to be deep fried.”

“‘Deep fat fry’, as ma’ daddy use ta’ say,” Will said with a Southern twang.

Chloe giggled at Will’s accent change. “Deep fat fry’,” she tried to imitate but sounded like some bizarre combination of both upper class British accent and American South that could actually pass as Cockney.

Will affected his ‘Sorreson laugh’ as Hannibal had termed it. It was a fake laugh that he had been forced to perfect in order to properly socialize and make those that he was talking to think he thought they were actually interesting. Apparently Jack and the other agents at the FBI felt that Will came off as condescending and dismissive in conversations. Which bothered Will more when he realized that was what he had thought of Hannibal when he had first met him.

“Where is that accent from?” Chloe asked in her normal posh English accent.

“It’s from the South, specifically Louisiana,” Will answered in his Tom Sorrenson accent, which was exactly like his regular voice except with a cheery confidence that Will Graham lacked.

Or as Zeller so charmingly had put it, ‘like a constipated hypothermic’.

“Is that where you two met?”

“More or less,” Will shrugged.

Chloe’s eyes widened in interest, “Deets, please!”

Will forced himself to not visibly cringe at the slang, “You’re probably tired of hearing me talk. Why don’t I let Hannibal tell this story?”

“Are you sure, my dear? I know how much you enjoy regaling our guests with this little tale?” Hannibal threw the ball back in Will’s court.

Will bristled slightly, they actually hadn’t come up with their backstory yet. Every time they had reached this part of the plan, Will had pushed it aside for another day. Honestly, it was really his fault but he knew Hannibal was the better storyteller/fabricator of the two and that he was purposefully putting Will on the spot. Memories or not, Hannibal loved seeing Will distressed.

“You tell it better than I do, *honey* ,” Will said the last word with a little more venom than he had intended. Hopefully Chloe wasn’t astute enough to notice.

Hannibal hummed as if in thought, “A compromise? I begin and you end?”

“Sure thang, ‘annibal,” Will agreed with his Southern twang to lighten the mood, slightly worried his last reply was a little too vicious for lovey-dovey newlywed banter.

Chloe laughed at Will’s accent, clearly amused. His attempt at levity was successful.

Suddenly she gasped and clapped her hands to the sides of her face, “Nibble!” she exclaimed.

Will and Hannibal both turned with a confused expression.

“That’s your nickname! Hannibal > ‘annibal > nibal!”

Hannibal’s lips pressed together in displeasure while Will burst out into laughter. Clutching his sides, he laughed hysterically hard.

“Nibble!” Will gasped while wiping away at his tears of joy, “Because you like to eat pe-”

People, Will wanted to say but caught himself. Unfortunately, however, he had already begun saying the ‘p-word’ and the rest of the table was looking at him expectantly.

“Pe- Pe-” Will stuttered, desperately trying to think of a word that started with “p”. But after all that sex talk with Chloe and the subsequent googling, the only word he could think of was, “Penis.” He finished with a sigh.

Predictably, Chloe could not contain her squeal of laughter and Hannibal sounded like he nearly choked on his wine.

Setting down his glass, Hannibal cleared his throat and suggested bemusedly, “You could’ve gone with, ‘pilaf’, my dear.”

Will groaned and put his face in his hands. He really wasn't the better of the two when it comes to making things up on the fly.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for your comments! I read each and every one of them and they motivate me to churn out another chapter faster, better, funnier.
That being said, I'm not above a little shameless self promotion. I wrote a little one-shot (that I personally think is really good and possibly my favorite) and I feel like it's not getting the attention it deserves. So, without further ado, (if you can) please take some time to read : Morning Kisses (https://archiveofourown.org/works/38047906)

Chapter 13

Sorry friends. I lost focus on this story even though I really loved writing it. However, I realized there were too many tropes and a lot of plot holes because I didn't know what direction I was going in - the only thing I tried to do was to make it as funny as possible. But good news, I wrote an alternate version called, Emergency Contact Redux. AND I did OUTLINE so I totally know what I'm trying to do now. You can check it out here.

End Notes

Want more? Please comment and let me know :D

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!